

SPY

WHITE-HOT
POLITICS ISSUE

Nov

KENNEDY

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Passes*

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Mrs. John F. Kennedy Jr.
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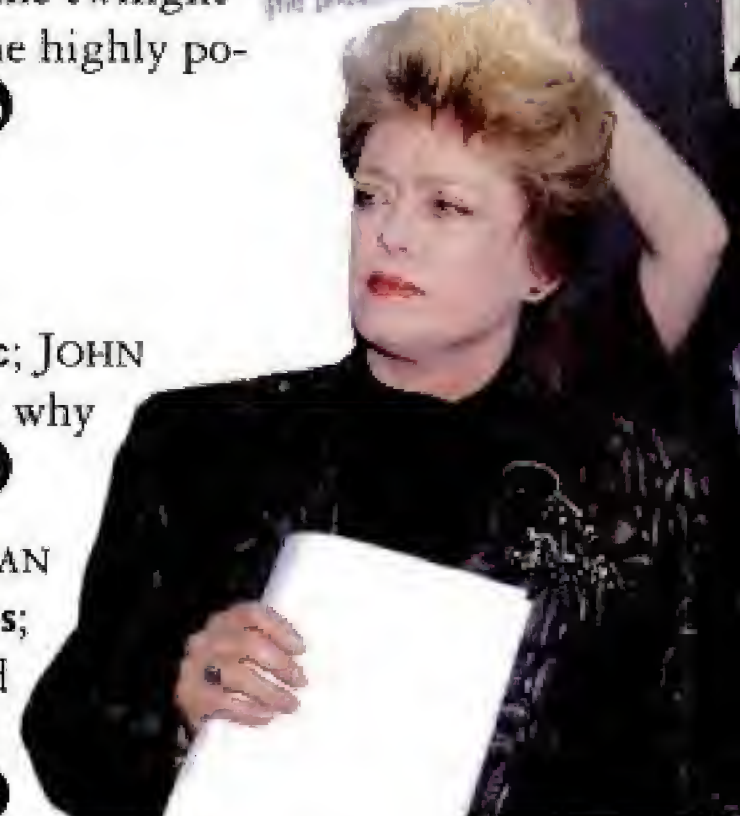
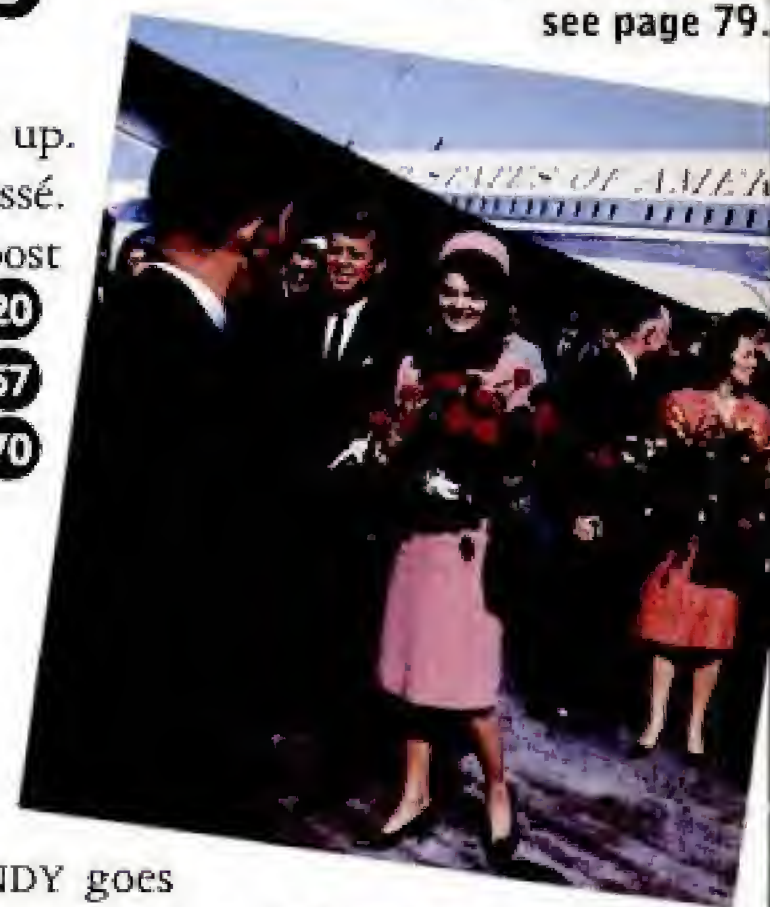
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THE COVER
Photographed by
John Stuart. For
more information,
see page 79.



A black and white photograph of a man with dreadlocks playing a saxophone. He is wearing a white shirt and a dark, patterned vest. In the bottom right corner, there is a glass of Southern Comfort liqueur with ice and a lemon slice. The background is a blurred outdoor setting with trees.

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"Between the age of Kennedy and the moment of Clinton, the American political culture has descended from Camelot to Jurassic Park."—editorial, The Nation • "Now, Mr. Clinton and his party seriously believe they can preside over another coming of Camelot. They misunderstand the great change in the American public in the last 32 years."—George Will, National Review



It is *so* Camelot II

It is *so* Camelot II. Just consider...THESE INCREDIBLE COINCIDENCES!

SEX John Kennedy was the subject of lurid rumors linking him to Marilyn Monroe, an actress most famous for standing above a subway grate, spreading her legs and demonstrating that she was wearing underwear. Bill Clinton has recently been the subject of lurid rumors linking him to Sharon Stone, an actress most famous for (1) crossing her legs and demonstrating that she was not wearing underwear (*Basic Instinct*) and (2) actually taking off her underwear (*Sliver*).

BOOZE John Kennedy was scarred for life by having a bootlegger for a father. Bill Clinton was scarred for life by having an alcoholic for a stepfather.

NEPOTISM John Kennedy had a younger brother whose first name began with *Ro* and who capitalized on his brother's fame to land a job as attorney general of the United States, a position for which thousands of Americans were more qualified. Bill Clinton has a younger brother whose first name begins with *Ro* and who capitalized on his brother's fame to land a job in

Great Expectations

the movie *Pumpkinhead 2*, a position for which thousands of Americans were more qualified.

THE MOB John Kennedy is widely reported to have had an affair with Judith Campbell Exner, who was romantically linked to Chicago mobster Sam Giancana. Bill Clinton is widely rumored to have the hots for Sharon Stone, seen last May cavorting with Vancouver-based Frankie Anderson, a stockbroker whose mother, Dawana, was once romantically linked to a Canadian stock manipulator and drug dealer named Fats Robertson.

YOU CAN GO YOUR OWN MY WAY Shortly after being elected president, John Kennedy responded to adverse media criticism by severing his ties with California-based Frank Sinatra, whose greatest hits were years behind him. Shortly after being elected president, Bill Clinton responded to adverse media criticism by severing his ties with California-based Fleetwood Mac, whose greatest hits were years behind them.

FUNNY GIRLS During the Kennedy administration, the attorney general is known to have had dinner with dimwitted movie star Marilyn Monroe. During the Clinton administration, the attorney general is known to have had dinner with dimwitted movie star Barbra Streisand.

LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON John Kennedy's father, Joe, was a philanderer known to have littered the map with his sexual conquests, including Gloria Swanson, who lived in California. Bill Clinton's father, William Jefferson Blythe, was a philanderer known to have littered the map with his sexual conquests, including Adele Gash, whose son, Henry Leon Ritzen-thaler, lives in California.

THE SECRET GARDEN One of John Kennedy's most memorable moments occurred at Madison Square Garden, during a birthday party attended by an actress whose first name begins with the letter M. The actress's name was Marilyn Monroe. One of

Bill Clinton's most memorable moments occurred at Madison Square Garden, where he won the Democratic presidential nomination at a function attended by an actress whose first name begins with the letter M. The actress's name was Mary Steen-burgen.

THE DYING GAME In 1969, John Kennedy's brother Ted was involved in an automobile accident, resulting in a catastrophe that stopped his career in its tracks. Mary Jo Kopechne died. In 1946, Bill Clinton's father, Bill, was involved in an automobile accident, resulting in a catastrophe that stopped his career in its tracks. He died.

KING OF KINGS John Kennedy could never have been elected president without the help of a man named Martin Luther King. Bill Clinton could never have been elected president without the help of a man named Larry King.

ONE BLACK EYE AFTER ANOTHER John Kennedy was elected president with the enthusiastic support of an obsequious black performer named Sammy Davis Jr. Bill Clinton was elected president with the enthusiastic support of an obsequious black performer named Arsenio Hall.

RUNNING ON EMPTY Although John Kennedy went out of his way to be photographed while playing touch football, he was actually in extremely poor health and used his athletic activities to divert attention from the fact that he suffered from Addison's disease and had a very bad back. Although Bill Clinton has gone out of his way to be photographed while jogging, he is actually quite fat.



AN ADMINISTRATION AT SEA Newspapers were filled with photos of John Kennedy vacationing in Massachusetts on a boat with Teddy Kennedy. Last August, *The New York Times* ran a photo of Bill Clinton vacationing in Massachusetts on a boat with Teddy Kennedy.

LET'S GO TO THE AUDIOTAPE It is widely suspected that Jimmy Hoffa had in his possession compromising tapes involving John Kennedy's sexual exploits, which he intended to use to derail Kennedy's career. It is widely known that Gennifer Flowers has in her possession compromising tapes involving Bill Clinton's sexual exploits, which she intended to use to derail Clinton's career.

MINORITY RULE John Kennedy, elected president with less than 50 percent of the popular vote, defeated a cold, distant Republican who had once been vice president and had fought against the Japanese in World War II. Bill Clinton, elected president with less than 50 percent of the popular vote, defeated a cold, distant Republican who had once been vice president and had fought against the Japanese in World War II.

THE METRIC SYSTEM At his inauguration, John Kennedy went out of his way to invite the washed-up, *faux*-populist poet Robert Frost to read his cheesy verses to a dismayed but respectful public. At his inauguration, Bill Clinton went out of his way to invite the washed-up, *faux*-populist poet Maya Angelou to read her cheesy verses to a dismayed but respectful public.

Coincidence, you say? —Joe Queenan

what's out



what's in



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From the SPY Mailroom



Recently, we had an unpleasant surprise. Halfway through a letter in the September issue of *MacWorld*, the computer magazine's correspondent reacted to some point made in an earlier issue with a stinging "Well, duh!" and we knew that we had stumbled across another installment in the ongoing letters-to-the-editors campaign of Westland, Michigan's James C. McCool (this column, May and August). We once foolishly dreamed of keeping Mr. McCool's correspondence to ourselves, but it is now clear that we will have to share his trenchant wit (recall his acid description of SPY's editors as "snotty, pin-dicked misfits") and childlike curiosity (recall his queries to *Stereo Review* about recording CDs onto videotape) with all manner of home-electronics-related publication.

We were still numb from this realization when Ian B. McGrady of Manhattan taught us how to laugh again. McGrady sent us a flattened (as in empty—*ahem*) box of Girl Scout Cookies and impishly asked us to read the back "and determine its humor value." Here goes: "I just *LOVE* water sports! Our teachers are complete pros! Jamila and I actually synchronized our strokes. We did the whole length of the pool on our backs. Girl Scout camp is the greatest." Obviously, McGrady is a master of the "found humor" everyone's talking about these days. We won't let ourselves get too attached, though: We don't want to get hurt when McGrady's letters start turning up in *Popular Science*.

Nick Wolf of Columbus, Ohio, has sent us another interesting item, and one that even relates to something in SPY, in a marginal sort of way. In recent months several readers wrote us to point out that Rush Limbaugh had created a picture of Bill Clinton as Pinocchio before we did (on our May cover). Now, much to our relief, Nick shares with us something that

Letters to SPY

A Friend Writes

I just picked up your parody of *The New Yorker* [September], and I found it a hoot! Hey, you've given us some editorial ideas and a photograph I can take to my plastic surgeon next time I'm in Reno.

Tina Brown
Editor
The New Yorker
New York

U.K. Dismay

I have read your magazine a few times before, as it tends to be found in airport news kiosks. As an American married to a Brit, my wife bought your September issue (the "Brit Ish"), thinking I might be amused by yet another article by foreigners about the Royal Family—a subject of endless fascination abroad, even though most Brits couldn't give a flying monkey. However, I must say that I was appalled by Mr. Bruce McCall's piece, "The Great War Not a Mistake." Was it supposed to be funny? As he correctly points out, not just one but two successive generations of British and "merely Australians and New Zealanders" (Mr. McCall's pleasant phrase), among others, were decimated in the two Great Wars. As he says, the number of deaths was stupefying. Yet the hoped-for comedy in this piece relies on Mr. McCall's sniggering incomprehension, as though this were perhaps another game of cricket too complicated to be explained to Americans.

In trying to understand how this article could be considered humorous, I thought back to the British comedy I grew up with: more satirical, bitter and antiestablishment

than anything America has offered. Yet, apart from the old gibe of the Americans always arriving late, I can think of no example in British comedy where the actual men and women who died at war were mocked in this disgusting way. Disapproving as the world has often been of America's wars, I can recall no instance where the object of derision was the individual dead American soldier. (I'm sure I needn't mention the civilian dead that the rest of the world has suffered.) At the risk of seeming too typically the British yob, I would like to meet this Bruce McCall so I that I may punch him in the teeth. Failing that, I suggest he broaden his mind with travel, perhaps to visit some of those graveyards that he finds so decorative in northern France. Big, aren't they?

Philip Collis
New York

At least in galley form, it seemed to us that Mr. McCall was against slaughter. But that's irony for you—a tricky business at best. Sorry about insulting your war.

I very much enjoyed your fuck-Britain issue. Even when I was a student, I thought it was disgusting that 150 years ago these people postured as being more civilized than we were when in the same century that we fought a war to end slavery, they fought at least two to force China to keep buying British dope.

Mark Warrian
Oak Lawn, Illinois

I rushed out to buy the September edition of SPY when a friend told me it was devoted to Brit-bashing. How thoroughly have the loathsome denizens of the sceptered isle brainwashed the people of this country

into thinking they are somehow superior? When I purchased my copy of SPY at a bookstore, the sales clerk, a woman in her mid-forties, took one look at the picture of Princess Diana on the cover and her typical-British discolored teeth and gasped, horrified, "Is this legal?" I patiently informed her that this is the United States of America and quickly reviewed her constitutional rights and civil liberties. I left hopeful that one more had been won back to the fold. Perhaps she will tell her friends. We can only hope.

Joseph Perry
Chicago, Illinois

I bought your September "U.K. Decay" issue and wanted to laugh out loud. Unfortunately, I couldn't, because it wasn't funny. There are plenty of targets in Britain, and you missed every one (apart from the members of that dreadful German family, the so-called Windsors, who are hardly representative of the British people anyway).

I admit, parts of over here are pretty appalling. So it's hardly surprising that we're over there just because we can earn more money. There is a good reason why your media is infested by us. Although the horrors visited upon our society and educational system by Thatcher were gigantic, those inflicted on the U.S. by Reagan were, like everything else in your country, a damned sight bigger. In short, while you claim the U.K. is economically, politically and culturally hurtling toward Third World status, your average Brit, especially your above-average Brit, is still better educated than his U.S. counterpart. And have you checked the U.S. illiteracy rates lately?

America isn't in such great shape. I hope you won't fail to appreciate the irony of such an issue coming from a city that is largely owned by the Japanese and the British. From a country that is the biggest debtor nation in history (another Reagan legacy) and that, if it wasn't

bankrolled monthly by the Land of the Rising Sun, would sink lower than Atlantis. And if you think Britain's a dump, have you tried looking round New York lately? Parts are like downtown Calcutta, with bits of bombed-out East Beirut thrown in for fun.

Bill Douglas
London

Mr. Douglas, you're right. Any magazine that would insult a person's country is no better than a "dreadful German," Japanese, Calcuttan (with their cities full of their poor—gross!) or Lebanese. And, by the way, your P.S., "It's the French who don't wash and have bad teeth," was—what's that phrase again?—a boot!

Albanian Rhapsody

The Code of Lekë Dukagjini was a feudal system of judicial rules based on the community and its members' relationships to one another. The crypto-Mafia of Albania today referred to in your special report "New Mob in Town" [by John Connolly, September] has distorted and disgraced itself by claiming it follows the Code. Northern clans of the highlands of Albania had a strict and very fair social structure based on the medieval patriarchal system. These modern criminals have desecrated a civilized moral structure and turned it into a farce of cruelty and hate. Please take my word for it—most Albanians are nice, law-abiding people with a passion for justice. Don't let a few losers misdirect you.

Nickol Cacaj
Yonkers, New York

Club Medved

Your August Webs column on Michael Medved [by Rodney Gibbs and Jane Craig] has been a double-edged sword for me. On the one hand, I can't help but see Medved as an egotistical, manipulative bastard carefully staging candid critiques. On the other hand, I can't seem to skip *Sneak Previews* when I remote-

reveals that Limbaugh has had this sort of great-minds-think-alike experience before. It's an advertisement for a set of *1960s Sex Magazine Covers* trading cards, one of which shows a woman with large breasts, a riding crop and a swastika armband standing over another woman with equally large breasts and not much else. The magazine's title is Limbaugh's devastating catchword, *Feminazis*. Which suggests that Limbaugh, who hit puberty in the early 1960s, spent that period of his life the same way *most* fat boys do.

On a related chat-show-host note, "A Fan" from New Orleans asks, "Why is a running sore like Larry King allowed to be seen in public? Drive this scourge from our airwaves." Sorry, A, but SPY has a pretty strict policy about not responding to anonymous rabid cranks from New Orleans who do not enclose a stamped, self-addressed JFK-assassination theory.

"The enclosed page from yesterday's *New York Times Magazine* is probably one of hundreds being mailed to you," writes Faith Heisler of Edison, New Jersey, conservatively estimating the number of people who chose to draw our attention to a *nubbins* reference (see this column, off and on over the past seven years). The *Times*'s ever-delightful Molly O'Neill (we love her show on the Lifetime channel) began the column in question with, "Whether milled for bread or cooked as nubbins, grains are stalwart little soldiers that can be counted on to add girth to dinner.... Back in my hippie days...." On second thought, let's not continue with the quote. Let's just say that later in her column, O'Neill uses the word *nub*. Ms. Heisler wants to know, "Is *nubbins* the diminutive form of *nubs*, or is *nubs* the diminutive form of *nubbins*?" Like a wise teacher, we'll let Ms. Heisler answer her own question: "I suspect the answer is, 'Who cares?'" Thanks for writing, Faith.

Now we can tackle the more difficult questions, like the one posed by Joshua Grass of Banks, Oregon. Grass has sent us an entry form for a sweepstakes run last summer by USA Today Sky Radio, which seems to be some sort of in-flight news service ("Even though you're up in the air, you don't have to be out of the

loop!"). He wants to know how there could be, as the official rules stated, no purchase necessary, when "you had to pay \$4 to get the airline headphones, which was the only way to hear the 'phrase that pays,' which you needed to provide in order to win." Well, McCool, answer *that* one. Stuck? Steve Anderson, a spokesman for Sky Radio, informs us that if you didn't know the official phrase that paid, you could write on your entry, "I didn't buy the headset," and still be in the running. (He could neither confirm nor deny whether the phrase that paid was *synchronized our strokes*.)

And now back to our own little version of *Saved by the Bell*. When we last left the Kingwood High School alumni (stalwart little soldiers that can be counted on to add girth to this column), Nicki Harrison was searching for David Hillman, the boy who used to write her love poems ("Let's do it in vegetable oil" was a line from one, and also, coincidentally, a recent Sky Radio phrase that pays). "I am the David Hillman referred to by Nicki Harrison," writes Sidney Hillman, "although now I am Sidney Hillman (I stopped using my first name about six years ago). I graduated from Kingwood in 1987 and have been living in Los Angeles ever since, where I am a solo musician." We took that *solo* to mean *single* and were looking forward to the rekindling of another great romance in this column when Hillman revealed that he had broken the cardinal SPY-Mailroom-Finder-of-Lost-Loves Rule. Rather than relying on us to pass messages back and forth, he actually called San Francisco information, got Nicki's number and gave her a call. "It was good talking to her again." Good for you, maybe, but what about the rest of us? Oh, well. Help us get McCool back, Sidney, and we'll call it even. ☺

CORRECTION

Due to a printing error, two credits were omitted from the October issue. Roy Tompkins illustrated "SPY's 1993 College Guide," and the photographs of Joe Queenan in "In Search of Arrogance" were taken by Michael Lavine. ☺

control past PBS—you have elevated the less than mediocre show to a watch-this-guy-closely-he's-up-to-something experience.

Bill Daitchman
Chicago, Illinois

Thanks for letting me know what an imbecilic businessperson Digital Equipment Corporation president emeritus Ken Olsen has become. My mother waits every month to find out if she will be the next victim of Digital's regular layoffs. While employees who lost jobs in earlier layoffs received severance packages, those laid off now and in the future will get nothing, because the company has run out of money for such luxuries. Instead Olsen's Stratford Foundation dumps piles of cash on WTTW, thereby perpetuating *Sneak Previews*. It would be bad enough if the show actually reviewed movies, but funding 30-minute doses of Michael Medved's Family Values Showcase with what could be used as my mother's severance package is just nauseating. Thank goodness nobody watches it. And thank you again, SPY, for responsible journalism. I wish you people got more credit.

Name withheld
Seattle, Washington

We appreciate the sentiment. However, as responsible journalists, we have to report that although a sizable donation from Olsen to WTTW was made in 1991, the same year Digital began downsizing, the donation was made from private and not corporate funds. Also, Olsen resigned from Digital last year, so he has a less intimate connection to your mother's job. By the way, has she ever evidenced any interest in reviewing films?

Other Voices, Other Letters

It has been called to my attention that your magazine printed an article concerning the Honorable Irma Santaella and her lawsuit against the City of New York [The City, by Frank Feldinger, May].

Please be advised that I was the at-

torney who represented Judge Santaella in said lawsuit. The suit was for \$5 million, as a matter of course, as one does not know the eventual extent of the injuries sustained in an accident for some time. As Judge Santaella's injuries appeared initially to be quite permanent and disabling, it was necessary as her attorney to protect her rights by instituting said suit in the amount sought.

Judge Santaella did make a good recovery from her injury and did request that the amount sought be decreased. Therefore, upon conference before the judge to whom the case was assigned, said demand was significantly decreased although this was never reduced to a court order.

Judge Santaella did request a reduction of the amount demanded.

Annette Z. Kolman
Attorney at Law
New York

I've been watching the Rush Limbaugh show for the past couple of months and have noted that he airs no letters and has no guests. I want to be able to call in and have him defend his outrageous, demented views of reality. His only-my-word-counts format results in a show that reeks of immaturity, name-calling and power over the press. I ask his viewers, if Rush is so right, why is there never an opposing viewpoint on his show? I put it to them: Write and tell him to have a guest liberal on. Put him under the same microscope he puts Clinton under, and we will see Rush for the fraud he is. There is a reason he attacks the press—it's his fear of being exposed.

Ray Davis
Austin, Texas

Oddly, Ray, you're not the first person to tell us that Rush Limbaugh would have to be exposed under a microscope.

Address correspondence to SPY, The SPY Building, 5 Union Square West, New York, N.Y. 10003. Typewritten letters are preferred. Please include your daytime telephone number. Letters may be edited for length or clarity. ☺

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Glock Around the Clock

The pop business, which can always be counted on to jump on a good trend when it sees one, is getting into the gun trade.

Nowhere was pop's new obsession with gunplay more evident than at this year's New Music Seminar. Kicking off the deep thinking was keynote speaker Jack Lang, the former French minister of culture and the latest in a long line of European eggheads to deem themselves experts on American pop culture. "I should be able to say 'Fuck police brutality,'" remarked the ostentatiously bilingual Lang, "even though I have no desire to dust some cops off."

The pontification about violent imagery in music reached its apex during a panel entitled "The Gun Goes Pop: The Gun as a Marketing Tool." The panel's moderator, *Seconds* magazine editor Steven Blush, declared, "Together we must realize that the days of 'We Are the World' and 'Stop the Violence' are over. An armed society is a polite society."

At least one person in attendance was polite enough to cut through all of this theorizing and provide a concrete example of the guns-and-pop connection. During a dispute at an NMS show at Danceteria, Eric Tallman, the lead singer of rock band Erotic Exotic, was shot and injured in the head. An executive with the Kill 'Em All record label, Jermaine Elfe, is currently awaiting trial on charges of attempted murder.

The mere existence of the NMS panel only underscores the increasing popularity of gun toting as lyrical subject matter. Of course, heavy metal of the lethal kind is not new to pop music: Guns date back to at least "Frankie and Johnny." But it's now rising dramatically, with rap leading the way.

We all know about Ice-T and his line about "dust[ing] some cops off" in "Cop Killer," a track that led not only to a Jack Lang speech but also to the rapper's being dropped by Warner Bros. Then there's the legendary tale of the Geto Boys' unfortunate Bushwick Bill, who lost an eye after demanding his girlfriend shoot him

during a domestic dispute and inadvertently assisting her when she refused. And Snoop Doggy Dogg, perhaps the hottest of the new young rappers, was recently charged, along with two associates, with shooting and killing a 25-year-old man.

Of course, not everyone who raps about violence leads a blood-soaked life; song lyrics are, at best, an unreliable indication of an artist's real-life conduct. After all, years of caterwauling about peace, love and understanding did nothing to prevent Jackson Browne from allegedly participating in a violent domestic blowup that landed then-girlfriend Daryl Hannah in the hospital.

The rappers respond to criticism of their lyrics by insisting that they're simply telling true-life tales. "Personally, I think it's the surroundings a lot of people are in—they see guns and shit every day," says female rapper Boss, whose gold debut album, *Born Gangstaz*, features the protofeminist lines "Ya dick'll be getting shot clear the

fuck off/ If ya keep talkin' that shit, cuz all bitches ain't hoes."

Suavé, a member of the hard-core rap group Onyx, puts it even more bluntly. "We was brought up on guns," he says. "It goes all the way back to Elmer Fudd; he was always chasing after Bugs Bunny with a rifle." Adds Suavé's bandmate Sticky Fingaz, who is pictured on the cover of Onyx's debut album holding a semi-automatic weapon, "We put the gun on the cover and called the album *Bacdafucup* to put some points across, and that is that nobody can stand between us and our goals."

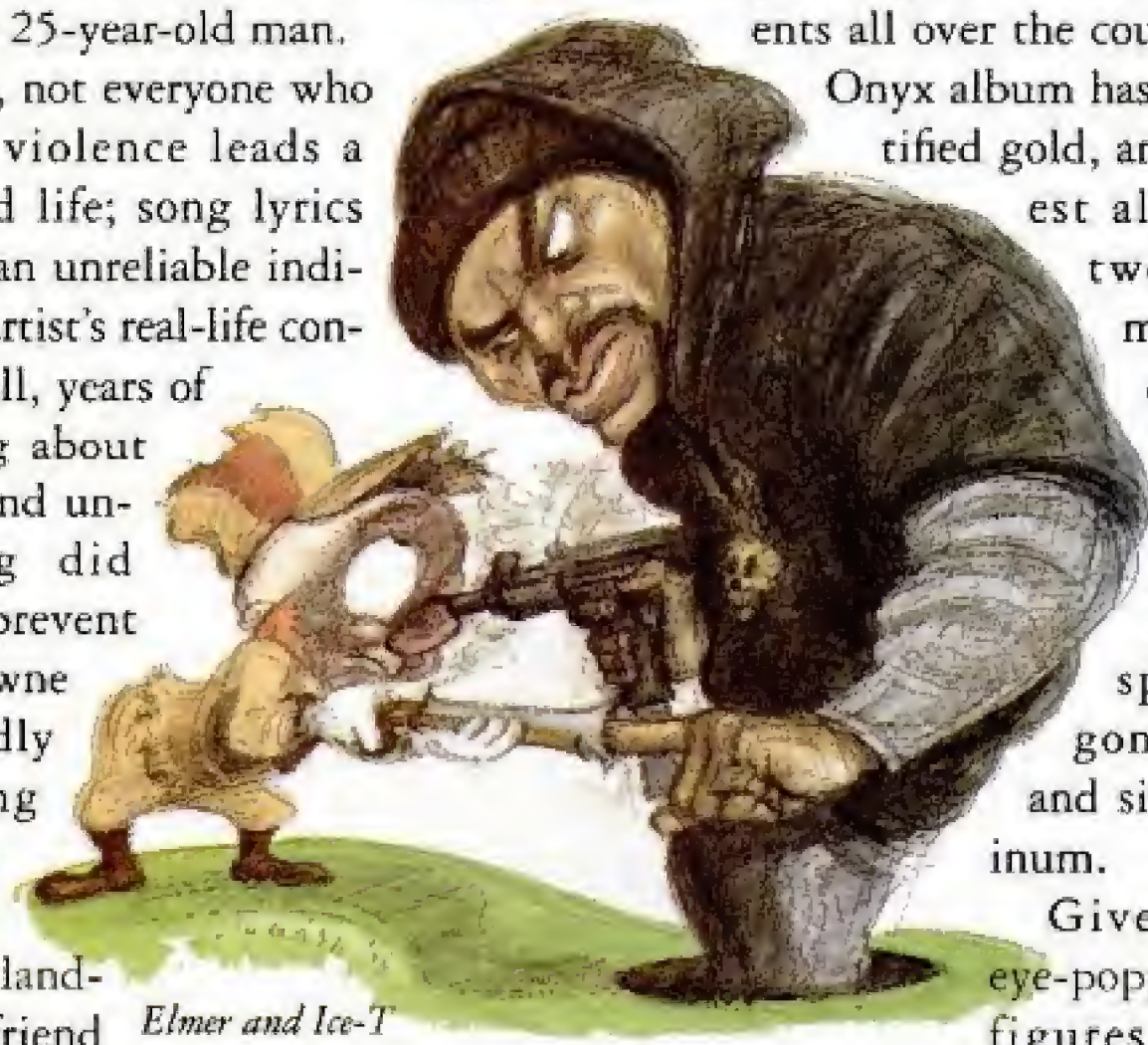
This philosophy is finding adherents all over the country: The

Onyx album has been certified gold, and the latest albums by two former members of N.W.A., Dr. Dre and Ice Cube, have respectively gone double and single platinum.

Given these eye-popping sales figures, it's not unlikely that more mainstream acts will soon be trying their hand at violent lyrics. And while it may be some time before

we're confronted by images of Michael Bolton pricing a Glock or Suzanne Vega cocking the hammer, it doesn't seem out of the question that *Guns & Ammo* could soon outrank *Guns N' Roses* in the pop music world.

—Kevin Zimmerman



Elmer and Ice-T

"We was brought up on guns," remarks one rapper. "It goes back to Elmer Fudd."



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Dinkins to Feds: Drop Dead

In January 1990, a few days after his swearing-in as mayor, David Dinkins hosted a party at Gracie Mansion for the Federation of Dominican Merchants and Industrialists. Members of the federation had been very supportive of Dinkins in his close race against Republican Rudolph Giuliani in 1989. Dominicans number at least 500,000 in New York City, and they, along with the Puerto Ricans and the Cubans, gave Dinkins the plurality he needed, votes he will desperately need in this year's race.

A few months later, the federation conducted a demonstration on the steps of City Hall to protest an Immigration and Naturalization Service investigation, code-named Project Bodega, in which INS agent Joseph Occhipinti and members of his team would enter a bodega, identify themselves as INS agents and then conduct a search of the premises. (Occhipinti maintains the searches were consented to.) Dinkins called the investigation a "Republican-backed conspiracy." At the demonstration, he asserted that it was a violation of civil rights and demanded a federal investigation.

Occhipinti, a highly decorated 15-year veteran agent of the INS, was indicted less than a year later in federal court in New York on 25 counts of civil-rights violations, embezzlement and making false statements. He had the distinction of being one of a handful of law-enforcement officials in this country ever to be indicted for nonviolent civil-rights violations. He went to trial in front of U.S. District Court judge Constance Baker Motley. Dinkins and Motley had known each other since their days in the legendary Carver Democratic Club in Harlem. After his five-week trial, Occhipinti was found guilty of 17 of the civil-rights counts, but the jury decided he was not guilty of embezzlement. One year later, after his appeal was denied, he was hauled off to a maximum-security prison to begin serving his 37-month sentence. Then, just three days before his term was to end, President Bush commuted Occhipinti's sentence.

This commutation was brought about largely through the intervention of former congressman and current Staten Island borough president Guy Molinari. In June 1993, Occhipinti requested a new trial. (At press time, the government had not responded to the motion.) If his request is granted and he is again convicted, the commutation does not apply, and he would again face jail time. SPY wanted to know why Occhipinti would place himself in harm's way. The reason: He's convinced he was railroaded.

SPY's investigation has uncovered evidence that lends some credence to this claim. In his application for a new trial, Occhipinti alleges that he was set up by a former assistant U.S. attorney who represented both the federation and a major Dominican

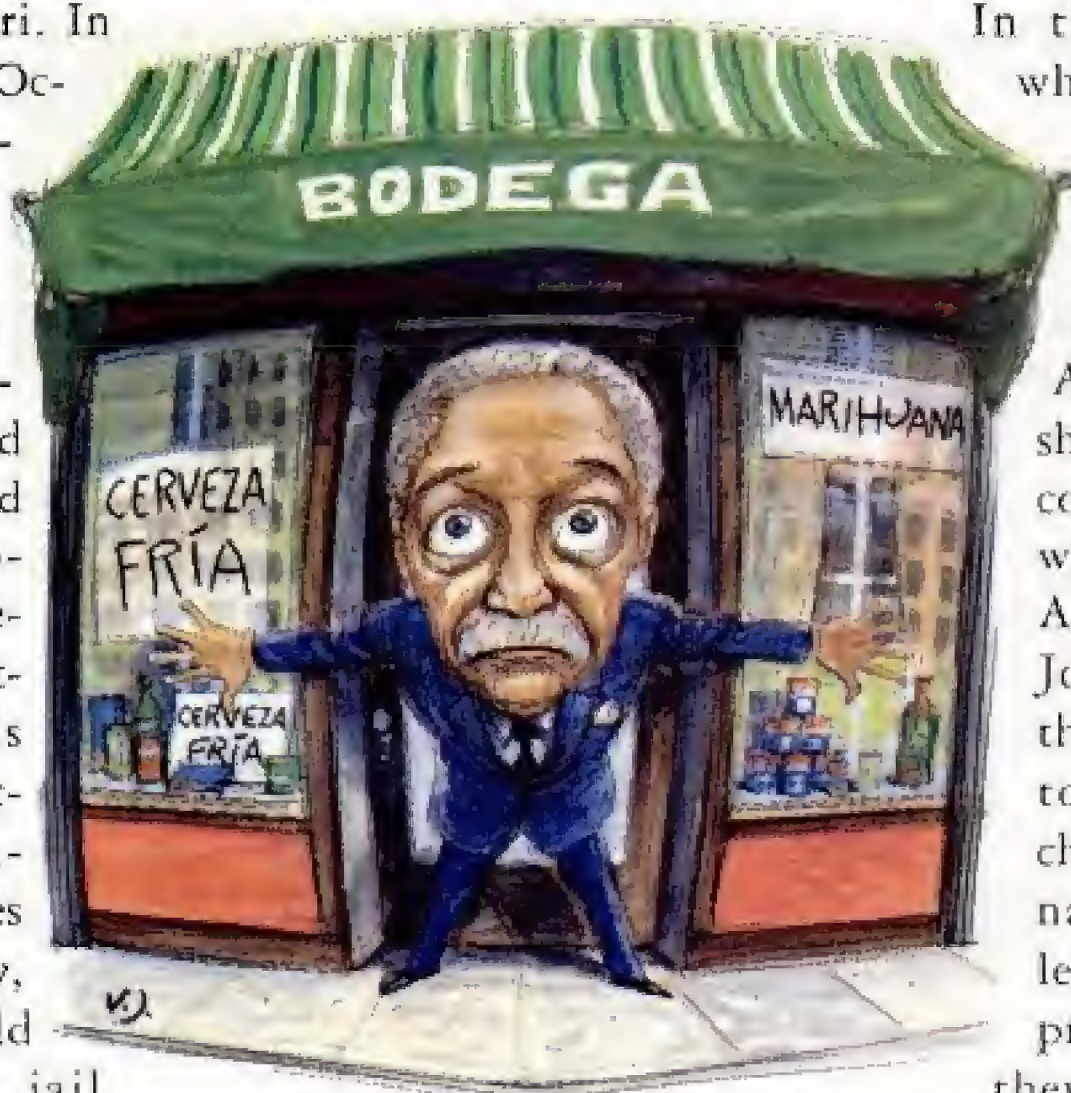
drug lord, Freddy Then, whom Occhipinti had twice arrested on gun and drug charges. Then had also been a suspect in the murder of New York police officer Michael Buczek. The day before a jury returned a guilty verdict against Then, he jumped bail; he remains a fugitive. Occhipinti believes he is living in the Dominican Republic and still in the drug business.

SPY has obtained an affidavit from Alma Camarena, a federal informant and former employee of Aranda and Guttlein, the law firm that represented the federation and Freddy Then.

In the affidavit, which has been submitted to the court, Camarena swears that in August 1989 she overheard a conversation in which Andres Aranda told Jorge Guttlein that he wanted to have Occhipinti "eliminated." Guttlein disagreed, proposing that they construct a plan in which Occhipinti would be set up and prosecuted for violating the civil rights of Dominicans. Guttlein said he had contacts in

the U.S. Attorney's Office. (Aranda and Guttlein have not returned repeated calls to their office concerning these allegations.)

In the same affidavit, Camarena swears that she met with then-assistant U.S. attorney Jeh Johnson, now a



Bodega Dave

Dinkins is no doubt aware of how crucial the Dominican vote is for his reelection



ssa Etheridge

YES I AM

Melissa Etheridge

Melissa Etheridge

MELISSA ETHERIDGE,
YES I AM.
THE NEW ALBUM
FEATURING
"I'M THE ONLY ONE" AND
"COME TO MY WINDOW."
AVAILABLE NOW ON ISLAND
COMPACT DISCS AND
CASSETTES.



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lawyer at Paul, Weiss, Rifkin, Wharton and Garrison, and told him of Guttlein's plan to set up Occhipinti. Johnson, who has an uncanny memory for the slightest details of the trial, told SPY he had interviewed Alma Camarena but didn't remember her talking about a setup. An investigator in Molinari's office has said that, for Johnson, the Occhipinti trial would have been a major stepping-stone toward a lucrative career in private practice. The walls of Johnson's office at the prestigious firm are adorned with TV artists' renderings of the Occhipinti trial.

The investigation of Occhipinti following Dinkins's request was conducted solely by the U.S. Attorney's Office, without the assistance of the FBI's Civil Rights Unit. This break with policy has never been explained, but SPY has been told by a former Justice Department official that the U.S. Attorney's Office did not trust the FBI: "We were afraid Occhipinti had friends in the FBI

who would exonerate him." Former U.S. attorney Otto Obermaier has told SPY that although he doesn't remember all the specifics of the case, the embezzlement charges lodged against Occhipinti—of which he was completely acquitted—certainly were a contributing factor in his being indicted for nonviolent civil-rights violations.

Project Bodega targeted and searched 56 bodegas, travel agencies and other businesses before it was aborted. Of 56 store owners, only 14 complained and later testified against Occhipinti. All 14 were members of the federation. SPY has located two of Occhipinti's jurors, who said they felt bad for him. The pity stemmed from their observation that his lawyer, Norman Mordkofsky, performed poorly. Mordkofsky, who had just left his law firm and was going through a divorce, apparently felt that way, too—he had asked Judge Morley on two occasions to release him from the case but was both

times denied. Today, both jurors believe it is possible that Occhipinti was set up.

Recently attorney Aranda was counsel to a Dominican defendant in a Manhattan criminal-court case in which four Dominican witnesses' testimony challenged the integrity of an aggressive police officer in a largely Dominican section of Manhattan. District Attorney Robert Morgenthau's office has just indicted those four for criminal perjury.

In the last four years, the exodus of Cubans and Puerto Ricans from the city has continued, while the Dominican population has exploded. Dinkins, who squeaked by Giuliani with the help of the Latino vote in 1989, is no doubt aware of how crucial the Dominican vote will be for his reelection. Should he triumph, it's interesting to conjecture whom the grateful mayor might throw to the wolves next time—and which lawyers, drug dealers and cop killers will be in the pack. —John Connolly

I'm Gonna Git You Zuckers

It was a long, hot summer for Johnny Studio Executive. At two of the bigger outfits, the long, languorous days usually spent vacationing in Europe were filled with in-house troubles, and Jeffrey "Sparky" Katzenberg had to engage in a little sleight of hand so as to divert attention from Disney's problems and refocus it on Columbia. The Disney Studios chairman took Hollywood journalists to private lunches and even had a fairly discreet meeting with a number of fairly chic Hollywood reporters. (The gist of Katzenberg's remarks was that although Disney had its share of problems, it was nothing compared with the disaster at Columbia.) Katzenberg was even bad-mouthing Columbia's Christmas vehicle *I'll Do Anything*, starring Nick Nolte and an ensemble cast. It seems that Columbia thought Nolte's Caspar Milquetoast character in *The Prince of Tides* entitled him to a shot at musical comedy. A recent sneak preview of *I'll Do Anything* reportedly sent audiences scurrying for the exits. It caused some finger-pointing as well, but what with Steve Roth, the official scapegoat for the *Last Action Hero* debacle, no longer much in evidence and Michael Nathanson writing himself out of the Heidi Chronicles, there was no one around to blame.

Speaking of the Heidi *Fleisch*-peddling scandal, Columbia brass have decided to stiff-arm the press and get back to the business of making films. At least that was what was decided at a recent high-level meeting. But this may prove unfeasible. David and Jerry Zucker, who landed a potentially lucrative production deal with Columbia in 1991, may now be leaving. David, whose claim to fame was the *Naked Gun* series, has told Columbia chairman Mark Canton and others that his dream project is a serious remake of Fess Parker's classic film *Davy Crockett*. (One studio executive at Columbia was heard to say, "But I thought they were here to make comedies.") In fact, someone within the organization has been cir-

culating a samizdat tape that suggests the Zuckers' comedy style is somewhat derivative. The tape shows a series of funny scenes from *The Naked Gun*, matched with extremely similar scenes from Blake Edwards movies and the old Mel Brooks-Buck Henry TV series *Get Smart*.

In the two and a half years that the Zuckers have been at Columbia, their only completed film is a tearjerker starring Michael Keaton and Nicole Kidman. One might have thought Jerry Zucker had milked the death thing sufficiently with *Ghost*, but no. The new weeper, entitled *My Life*, is about a dying man making videotapes of his last days for his unborn child.

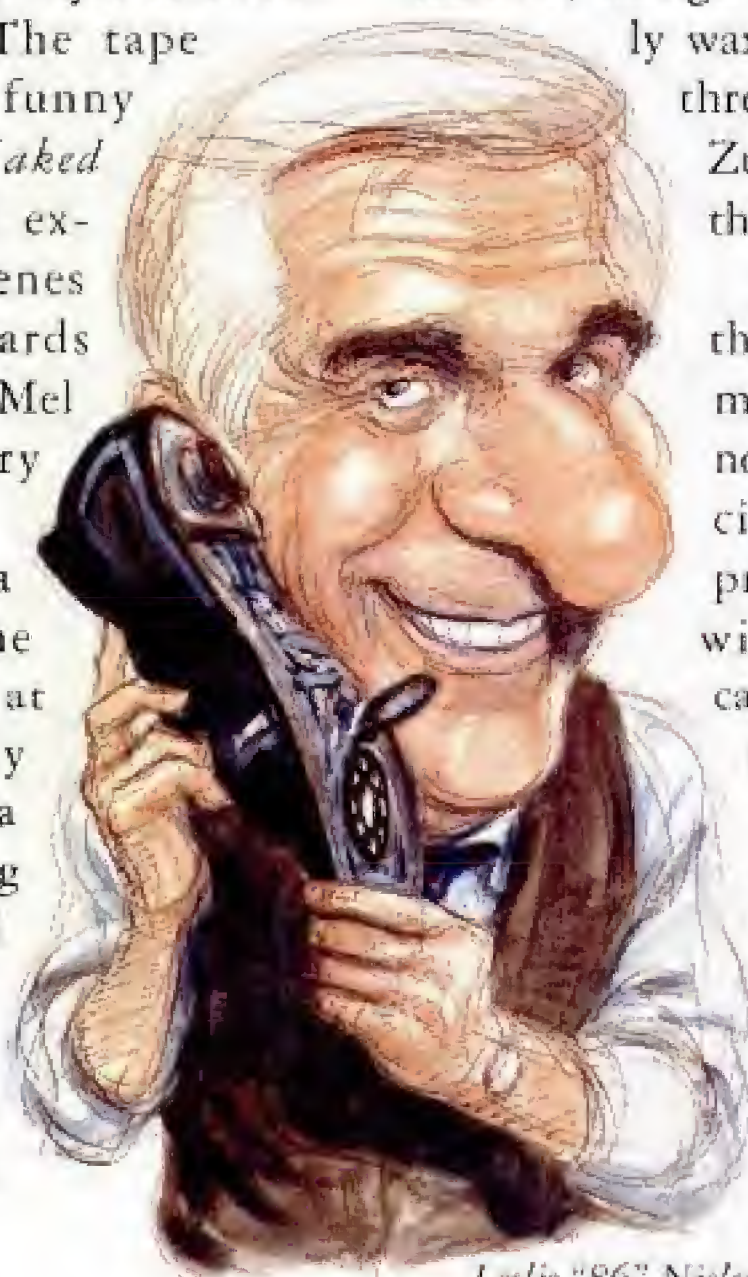
It cost Columbia \$20 million and is scheduled for release this month. It looks as though Michael Nathanson's lieutenant, Teddy Zee, will take the heat for this baby.

Meanwhile, as if that were not enough, the Zuckers recently man-

aged to offend no less a person than Sony Pictures chairman Peter Guber. Peter, who has long been obsessed by *Lawrence of Arabia*, has a mural depicting a scene from the movie on his office wall. The Zuckers thought it would be a good idea to create their own version of the mural, inserting Guber's face in place of Peter O'Toole's. They had a poster made up accordingly and sent it round to Guber's office. Guber was not amused, though. In fact, he reportedly waxed exceeding wrath, threatening to have the Zuckers removed from the lot.

Rumor also has it that Universal's chairman, Tom Pollock, is now regretting his decision to dismiss the problems Disney had with those two mad-caps of on-set and off-screen high jinks, Kim Basinger and Alec Baldwin. The last time these two got together on a set was to make life miserable for the entire cast, crew and, eventually, executives of Disney's 1991 box-office disaster *The Marrying Man*. Fortunately for us and unfortunately for him and Universal, one of our

gnomes attended Universal's September 7 focus-group screening of its remake of the Steve McQueen-Ali MacGraw hit *The Getaway*. Our source said that the handout cards contained comments such as "You must be kidding," "Let me out of



The tape shows a *Naked Gun* scene followed by an extremely similar scene from *Get Smart*

here or I'll sue," etc., etc. Amazingly, our man was one of the 20 victims selected to be interviewed after the film by Universal's pulse takers. Once executives saw the audience comments, they politely but firmly dismissed the group without interviewing them. The attitude of the executives seemed to be "We don't want to know."

And that appears to be the attitude over at Columbia, where Mark Canton seems to be dealing with rumors surrounding *I'll Do Anything* in his peculiar Cantonic fashion—washing his hands of the whole thing. Columbia has poured a reported \$60 million into this film (written, produced and directed by James L. Brooks), which studio hacks say avails itself of multiple story lines. Said hacks observe that although multiple story lines may have worked for Brooks in *Terms of Endearment*, they do not work in this tuner. Or, rather, this no-tuner, as it appears that Columbia is now testing a non-musical version of the film. Insiders note (with dismay) that one or two songs may survive the cutting room, but Tracey Ullman, who joined the cast at Brooks's urging, was dismayed to learn that the musical numbers may go the way of all things transient—understandably dismayed, since she went to the trouble of filming one.

And Celia? Celia Brady, loved and feared throughout the industry? Well, with the recent upheavals at a particular studio, the Sylvesters of suspicion have been getting uncomfortably close to her little cage. A misstep here, a hiccup there and boom! Roast squab au poivre. So Celia is moving to a new and more elevated perch from which she will be able to see and hear even more than before. In the meantime, you will have to make do with my lesser efforts. On a recent Monday night at Mortons, your correspondent was seated next to aging 007 Roger Moore, who was holding court. Roger, I was *not* the blond in the miniskirt.

—John Connolly



Come visit us some day in Lynchburg. (It's especially pretty right now.)

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The Fine Print

by Louis Theroux



Ask Me About My Fortune 500 Company

As the Heidi Fleiss scandal has made all too plain, many movie executives are so twisted, so removed from typical American values, that they would rather snort cocaine off the breasts of prostitutes than visit their ailing parents. Luckily there is an exception to this Hollywood rule, and his name is Michael Eisner. The Walt Disney Company chairman doesn't just have a family; he is the walking personification of family. And lest we ever forget it, he never fails to include vignettes of his home life, revolving around his three sons, in his letter to shareholders at the front of the company's annual report. For latecomers, we offer a recap of Eisner's family drama, gleaned solely from the last seven annual reports.

1986: **Breck**, Eisner's 16-year-old son, already has a girlfriend who is an occasional source of movie ideas ("I come to the studio with what I think are the most original thoughts [mostly arrived at by stealing an episode involving my children, their friends... or our 16-year-old's girlfriend]"). **Eric**, 13, is fond of the word *rad*. **Anders**, eight and the baby of the family, bonds with his dad when they travel to



When I'm 65

"Hope I die before I get old"? Not if it means passing up the swell bargains these rock stars enjoy. —R. E. New

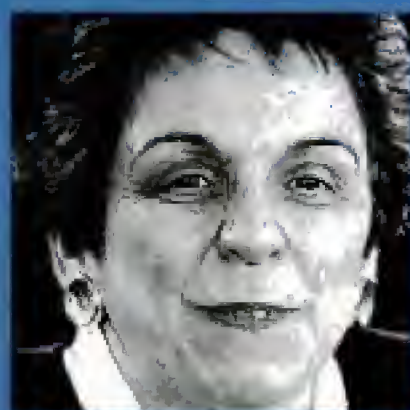
STAR	AGE	SENIOR PERK
Chuck Berry	66	Can buy a small soda or small coffee for 25 cents at McDonald's
Paul McCartney	51	Receives 15 percent off any Gray Line bus tour
Yoko Ono	60	Can withdraw money from IRA without penalty
Bill Wyman	57	Free checking with minimum balance at Chase Manhattan Bank
Jerry Garcia	51	Eligible to join the American Association of Retired Persons and get pharmaceuticals at a discount
Bob Dylan	52	Gets 10 percent off regular room rates at any Econo Lodge
James Brown	65	Can buy a home at Sun City, the "community for active adults"
Tina Turner	54	Can get a 5 percent discount on purchase of Nordic-Track fitness bike
Fats Domino	65	Gets 10 percent off all food at participating International House of Pancakes
Little Richard	60	Can order from Denny's senior menu, offering smaller portions at smaller prices
Mick Jagger	50	Cannot be turned down for any reason by Colonial Penn Life Insurance, and no physical is required
Isaac Hayes	55	Eligible for Senior Olympics



Separated at Birth?



Borscht Belt bachelor
Jackie Mason...



and Beltway bachelor-
ette Donna Shalala?



Sir Andrew Lloyd
Webber, VIP...



and M. Herve
Villechaize, R.I.P.?

No Velma, No Peace

A SPY Investigation

Forget Travelgate; forget the Jack-in-the-Box deathburgers; forget the mounting disquiet regarding Joe Biden's hair. The scandal of the year has just broken, and it's chewable.

Vitamins: SCOOPY-DOO

Manufacturer: Vita-Fresh, later Leiner Health Products (discontinued in 1991)

Characters: Scooby, Scrappy-Doo, Shaggy, Freddy, Daphne

Missing: Velma

Why? Leiner marketing manager Andrew Somerville: "Generally we seem as an industry to have four or five shapes, because the punches [the dies used to make the vitamins] are extremely expensive. Or maybe Velma was controversial. Didn't she have a headband or something?" (Several days later, Somerville called back to say he'd found a late-edition "Complete Formula" package that had included Velma.)

Who made the decision? Vita-Fresh marketers, after focus groups were conducted before the 1983 launch.

Number of letters received annually about missing character(s): None. Lori Shelton, Leiner Consumer Relations: "We don't get a lot of Scooby calls. It's kind of a passé character."

Vitamins: FLINTSTONES

Manufacturer: Miles Inc.

Characters: Fred, Wilma, Barney, Dino, Pebbles, Bamm Bamm, the Flintmobile

Missing: Betty

Why? Spokesperson Greg Decker: "You can tell the difference between Fred and Barney, and between Pebbles and Bamm Bamm, but you can't with Wilma and Betty. That's why they put the car in there. Children like different shapes."

Who made the decision? Unknown. But Decker notes that since the shapes have changed since the 1969 launch, "Betty may well have been part of the family at one point."

Number of letters received annually about missing character(s): As many as ten.

Vitamins: BUGS BUNNY

Manufacturer: Miles Inc.

Characters: Bugs, Yosemite Sam, Daffy Duck, Elmer Fudd, Porky, Petunia

Missing: Tasmanian Devil, among others

Why? Asked why Porky's obscure girlfriend was included, Decker says he isn't sure but that "they do tests

with these things. Again, it's the various shapes." Michael Peikoff, vice president of publicity, Warner Bros. Consumer Products: "Miles has made the determination. We bow to their experience in the vitamin business." **But why Petunia?** "She's a great counterpart to Porky." **Not just because she's a girl?** "That's speculation. She's a great counterpart to Porky."

Who made the decision? Miles marketers, after focus groups were conducted before the 1971 launch.

Number of letters received annually about missing character(s): One or two.

Vitamins: GARFIELD

Manufacturer: Menley & James Laboratories

Characters: Garfield, Odie, Pooky

Missing: Jon the Human

Why? Tina Ellis, Garfield licensing director at United Media: "Jon is sort of an ancillary character who hasn't broken into the product line. To be perfectly honest, I can't see some kid who takes vitamins saying, 'Give me a Jon today.' It's not quite as exciting to eat a Jon as to eat a Pooky." Menley & James spokesperson: "We have no comment."

Who made the decision? Ellis says *Garfield* creator Jim Davis and representatives from United Media and M&J held a number of meetings to design the product. "We decided Jon wasn't the strongest character we could use."

Number of letters received annually about missing character(s): "We don't expect any."

Vitamins: PETER RABBIT

Manufacturer: Mead Johnson

Characters: Peter

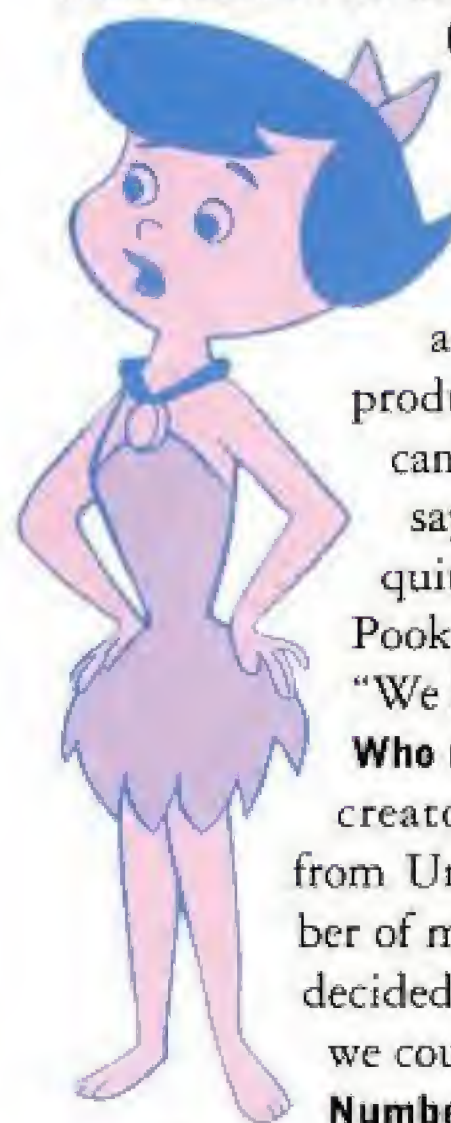
Missing: Flopsy, Mopsy, Cotton-tail

Why? Mead spokesperson Holly D'Amour: "Peter is easier to distinguish from the other bunnies, because he wears a jacket. Flopsy, Mopsy or Cotton-tail would be very hard to distinguish, when you get down to something the size of a vitamin."

Who made the decision? Mead's marketing department. D'Amour: "I think the decision was more intuitive [than based on research]."

Number of letters received annually about missing character(s): None.

—Chip Rowe



China together. The trip also bolsters Anders's self-esteem in relation to his brothers.

One **unidentified son** threatens never to go back to school if his father hosts *The Disney Sunday Movie*, but he is brought round. Also: "My **in-laws** loved the Mickey Mouse outdoor thermometer we gave them for Christmas."

1987: **Breck**, now 17 and a high school senior, faces college interviews in four cities. **Eric** makes life difficult for his dad when his hockey team plays games all over southern California—"four in one weekend, each 50 miles from the previous one."

1988: **Breck** goes off to college in Washington, D.C. **Eric** takes a ninth-grade final exam in "Matter and Energy" ("Who ever heard of a course called 'Matter and Energy?'"). Little **Anders** celebrates his tenth birthday—with three separate parties! One at home, one at school and a third when his grandparents come to California. ("But somebody out-partied him: Mickey Mouse.")

1989: **Breck**, though far away at college in Washington, watches movies at Tyson's Corner—and then visits the Disney store in the very same mall! Domestic stress ensues when **Eric's** boys-only school merges with a nearby girls' school. **Anders** distinguishes himself as a champion speller: In his regular Friday tests he almost always gets an A or a B; on one occasion he even spells *superfluous* and *nevertheless* ("I am sure I did not know 'nevertheless' was one word until I was at least 13").

Fuck Yes, *The New Yorker*

The New Yorker Before and After Tina

October marks one year since Tina Brown took the helm at *The New Yorker*, and, dire predictions to the contrary, the magazine hasn't turned into another *Vanity Fair*. Still, we *have* noticed a subtle shift.

BEFORE TINA

(July 13, 1992, issue)*

Intransigent; avuncular; Eric Fischl-type; ballyhooed; O'Keeffian; blithe; grisaille; treacly; ceci n'est pas; celadon; Rothkoesque; bio-morphic; Old Master-ish; Cronenbergian; roulades; coloratura; "tombeau"; Whitmanesque; demimondaine; zing; panoply; farrago; cupola; mucilage; *Nepenthe*; Bahrainis; Bahrainis; Bahrainis; status epilepticus; psychomotor fugues; Bahrainis; porphyry; habiliments; mezzo; Brünnhilde; obbligate; margays; verdigris; "IAKOBOC"; tesserae; *mandorla*; archivolt; roundel; foile à tous; labyrinthine; "IAKOBOC"; camarillas; Voith GmbH; besmirch; verve; atavistic; viola da gambist

* Words and phrases were randomly selected by the SPY Context Removal System

AFTER TINA

(July 12, 1993, issue)*

Sexual; sexual; venereal disease; sexual; sexual; sexual; homosexual; heterosexual; gender-swapping; sex; breasts; male-male couplings; sexual; gynecological; sexual; nipples; slut; hypersexual; masochist; Fuck! Off!; sex; sex; masturbatory soft porn; raped; outhouse; toilets; toilets; outhouses; outhouse; outhouses; toilet; warm spit; warm piss; outhouses; outhouse; toilet paper; outhouse; outhouses; outhouse; toilet; tits; gang-raped; sex; gang-rape; giving it the tongue; ass; fucking shit; sex; bullshit; butt; sexual intercourse; impotent; breasts; cunt; excrement; sexual; shits; shag; fucking balls up; pornography; pornography; sex shop; bondage; bondage; bondage; spanking; cock; bum; cunt; breasts; masturbatory; sex; pornography; pornography; sod; cock; fucking; fart; sex; fuck; spread legs; ejaculation; shut the fuck up; fuckin'; fuckin'; fuck; shit; orgasms; shit; I wanna come; motherfucker; "when in doubt, whip it out"; bitch; bitches; bitch; bitch; fuck; sex; doggy sex; sex; sex; viola da gamba —R. E. Neu



Celebrity Math Chapter 7



Roger Daltrey

×



Lurch

) - 1 =



Michael Bolton

—Mark O'Donnell

*P*ORTRAITS of PLEASURE™

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Lights.

Extra Smooth
Lights.

Rich Ultra
Lights.

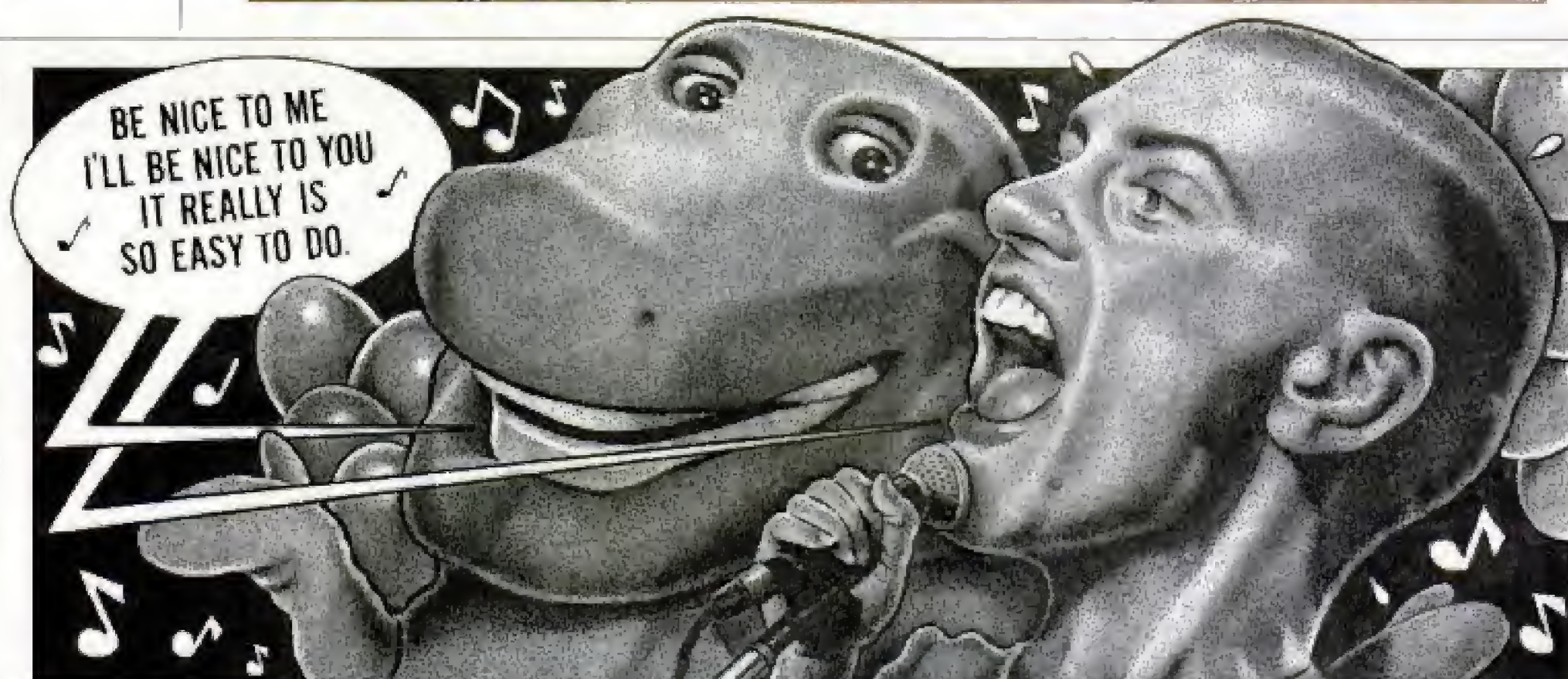
1990: At college, **Breck** directs Kurt Vonnegut Jr.'s *Happy Birthday, Wanda June* ("As an impartial, uninvolved, objective father, I thought he did brilliantly—actually beyond brilliantly! I have already sent his resume to Jeffrey Katzenberg"). **Eric's** dad assiduously attends his hockey games, even trekking to Indianapolis. **Anders** too is bitten by the hockey bug, and his team wins the Pee Wee Tournament in Chicago. **Grandma Eisner** asks her son to open a Disney store in Moscow.

1991: **Breck**, now 21, directs "the three-hour stage play of Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra* at his college." Later in the year, he drives down from college with his girlfriend Kris to hear his father speak at the 20th anniversary of Disney World—"but more importantly to get his picture taken with the president." **Eric** is admitted to a New England college. One **unidentified son** derides his father's attempts to learn French for the opening of Euro Disney. Also: a gratuitous mention of "my sister **Margot's** job at a museum in New York."

1992: **Breck** considers studying film directing in graduate school. **Eric** is having trouble adjusting to the cold New England climate. **Anders** goes from strength to strength as hockey goalie; in November, his team shuts out Bay Harbor. 3

SPY Search Find the Inappropriate Presidential Prop!

Ann Bethel, curator of an oxymoron that even Short Attention Span Theater has tired of, the Ronald Reagan Library, was "delighted" with Edward Sorel's dust-jacket illustration for *Presidential Anecdotes* (top), a recent book by Paul F. Boller Jr. So delighted, in fact, that she purchased permission from Sorel to use the image on the cover of a brochure for "Our Presidents: From Washington to Clinton" (bottom), a special exhibit at the library. One chief executive's signature prop, however, was replaced for reasons of "sensitivity." Can you find the cover-up?



Sinéad O'Connor on the comeback trail



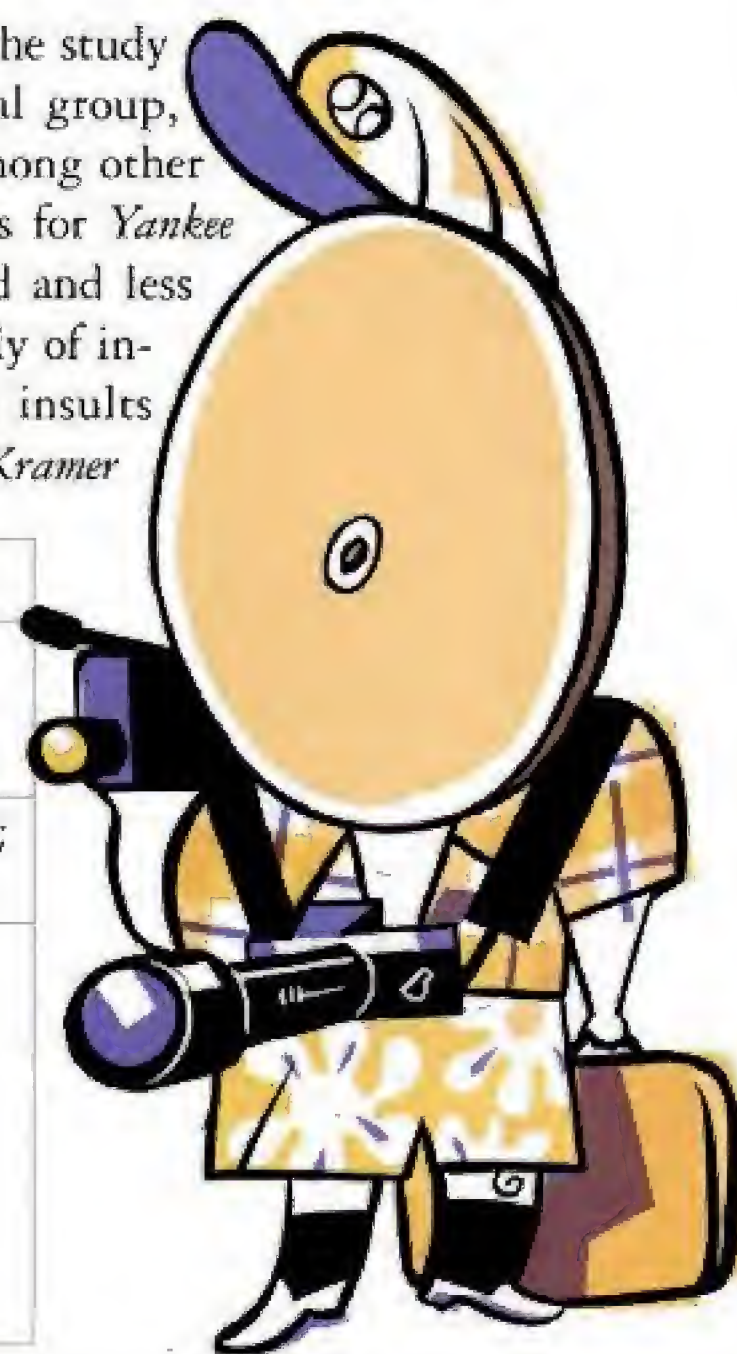
**YOU WOULD BE PERFECTLY
HAPPY WITHOUT THESE JEANS.**

Berlitzkrieg

Pale Peanut-Butter-Eating Monster Guava Go Home!

In 1944, A. A. Roback's *Dictionary of International Slurs*—a canonical work in the study of “ethnophaulisms” (according to Roback, from the Greek, *ethno* = national group, *phaulism* = to disparage)—took note of the “comparative paucity of phrases among other peoples relative to American traits.” Much has changed since then, and slurs for *Yankee* have flourished as the Americans that foreigners encounter grow more varied and less well armed. Modern ethnophaulic studies reveal a deliciously inventive panoply of insults. Xenophobia being an imprecise science, Americans must share some insults with foreigners in general. But many we can proudly take personally. —Mark Kramer

Nation	France	Thailand	Germany
What did we ever do to them?	Euro Disney; Richard Gere in <i>Breathless</i>	Asymptomatic VD	Treaty of Versailles; <i>Hogan's Heroes</i>
Ethno-phaulism	<i>Plouc</i>	<i>Falang</i>	<i>Quadratarsch</i> ; <i>Papagei</i> ; <i>Erdnussbutterfresser</i>
Meaning/derivation	A nonsensical utterance expressing the utmost disdain for American excesses and lapses in taste not yet legitimized by a French semiotics journal	“Guava,” as in “You’re pale, yellow and waxy like a guava”	“Square Ass”; “Parrot”; “Peanut-Butter Eater” (<i>fresser</i> refers to the way animals eat)



Israel	Mexico	India	Russia
Leon Uris; Crazy Eddie Antar	Battle of San Jacinto; Charlton Heston in <i>Touch of Evil</i>	Trump's Taj Mahal; Bhopal	Mutual Assured Destruction; Billy Joel
<i>Alrightnik</i> (m.), <i>Alrightnitseh</i> (f.)	<i>Gavacho</i>	<i>Lal bandar</i>	<i>Myakhiigolovi</i>
A scornful Yiddishism originally directed at Americanized Jews, now secularized to include the parvenu tendencies of any Americans who visit the Wailing Wall wearing plaid	“Imperialist”; reflects the misbegotten view, prevalent among the denizens of Mexican border towns, that Texans are Americans	“Red Monkey”; a Hindi slur, originally an allusion to the gin-blossom-encrusted faces of British colonial administrators	“Softheaded Ones”

Japan	Britain	Nepal	Greece
<i>Enola Gay</i> ; Michael Crichton	Joseph P. Kennedy; Linda McCartney; colonial unrest	Dharma bums	Jackie Onassis; Papadopoulos junta
<i>Kichigai bei hei</i>	Seppo; Ham	<i>Khuire</i>	<i>Americanskatos</i>
“Crazy American Soldier”	Cockney rhyming slang: <i>Seppo</i> plays on <i>septic tanks</i> , which rhymes with “Yanks”; <i>Ham</i> is short for <i>ham shanks</i>	“Pale and Washed-Out Thing”	“American Shit”



BUT
YOU'D
BE
NAKED.



The SPY Lazlo Letters

INSTALLMENT VII

**Jeez,
Mr. Postman**

Mr. Toth (aka Don Novel-
lo) prays for deliverance.

Lazlo Toth
P.O. Box 245
Fairfax, California
94030 U.S.A.

May 31, 1993
Memorial Day

Postmaster General
Washington, D.C.

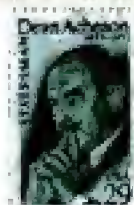
NO REPLY!

Dear Mr. General,

I just returned from my post office where I purchased the new 29 cent Dean Acheson stamp, which I like very much, don't get me wrong, - but I just don't understand why we got to vote for the "Young" or "Mature" Elvis Presley and we only got the mature (old) Dean Acheson! Why not let people vote for the young or mature of his too?

He was a handsome man when the photo for the stamp was taken, but he was even handsomer looking in his younger days (he looked just like Errol Flynn) and you should have given people a choice, - it's just not fair!

You should have let us decide which Dean is King, too!



Lazlo Toth

Lazlo Toth

P.S. If you have a moment I'd like to tell you a little story about myself and Dean Acheson which happened to me at the airport once. I was walking down the moving escalator and I saw someone who looked just like Errol Flynn, and I said to myself, either I'm seeing things, or that's Errol Flynn or Dean Acheson, the former Secretary of State under Harry Truman. And since Errol Flynn had already died at the time, I figure it was Acheson.

Naked City

ANSWER DEPT.

Q "WHEN DID speeder start?" A. Summer of '63. Errol Flynn provided the success with a ripping rendition of "Zip-a-Dee-Do-Do!"

Lazlo Toth
P.O. Box 245
Fairfax, California
94030 U.S.A.

August 22, 1993

Postmaster General
United States Post Office Headquarters
Department of the Mail
Washington, D.C. (ZIP - unknown)

NO REPLY!

Dear General,

I just read that this summer (1993) is the 30th anniversary of the ZIP CODE, and it hit me like a ton of bricks that **NOT A THING!** is being done about it!

Why is the U.S. postal service promoting stamps with famous Broadway Shows like SOUTH PACIFIC and not a stamp to mark an occasion that changed the American postal system forever - the invention of the ZIP CODE!

Also, I would like to know why you never write back to me? What kind of a country is this when the Postmaster General doesn't even write back! You'd think you would be the last person not to respond to a letter! Isn't not answering mail kind of like biting the hand that feeds you? What's the problem - tired blood?

Also, why don't we have a stamp honoring THE BIG BOPPER? Buddy Holly has his own stamp and so does Rickie Valens! Holly, Valens and Bopper performed in the same show and died in the same airplane crash and two get stamps and one gets ZILCH!

If there is a heaven, and for your sake I hope there isn't, how do you think Buddy and Rickie feel when they run into the Big Bopper? This stamp business probably makes them very defensive. Did it ever enter your mind that your actions have caused them embarrassment? What kind of a postal system are you running anyway?

Very disillusioned.

Lazlo Toth

Lazlo Toth

It's a Wonderful Town!



Scanner buff taking snapshot of car-wreck victim.

Photograph by Andrew Savulich

This Is Gin.

This Is Somers.



Somers adds a hint of citrus and other natural flavour to a fine British gin. The result is crisp, clean, light and refreshing. Somers is ideal mixed with juice or sparkling mineral water, or straight from the freezer—any way you normally enjoy gin or vodka.

Somers. A Hint Of Citrus. A Twist On Gin.



Those who appreciate quality enjoy it responsibly.

For a free recipe brochure, call 1-800-33-TWIST.

Copyrighted material



DFH
1964

THE END OF INNOCENCE

*On the 30th anniversary of the assassination of John F. Kennedy, **Bruce Handy** examines life in the very last month before our dreams and hopes and illusions were dashed and asks, "Goodbye to all what?"*

Many issues surrounding John F. Kennedy's assassination are open to debate, but one thing remains certain: On November 22, 1963, at precisely 12:30 p.m., Central Standard Time, Lee Harvey Oswald and/or E. Howard Hunt and/or persons unknown shattered the one brief shining moment that was Camelot and thereby spoiled the next three decades of American life. How do we know this? Because it's a cliché, and all clichés are true. Just ask any sportswriter.

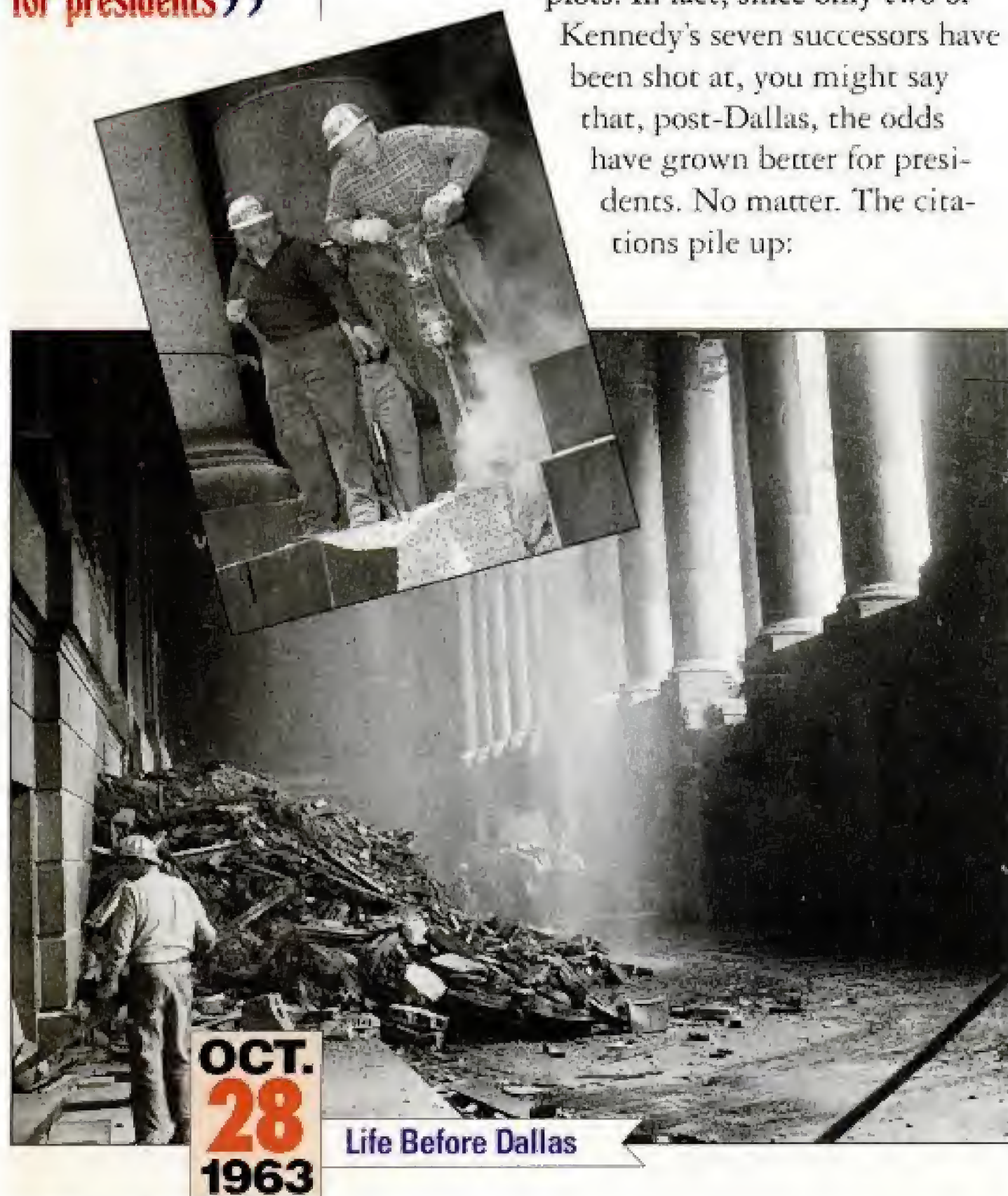
If you conduct a search of the Nexis data base using phrases like *Kennedy assassination* and *end of innocence* as your keys, you will be rewarded, if that is the word, with a thick sheaf of newspaper and magazine articles. For instance: "The murder of President Kennedy was a seminal event for me and for millions of Americans," Oliver Stone wrote in a 1991 letter to the editor of *The Washington Post*, trying to explain the source of his generation's hurt, its need for incoherent, mythopoetic conspiracy theories and movies about them. "[The assassination] changed the course of history," he continued. "It was a crushing blow to our country and to millions of people around the world. It put an abrupt end to a period of innocence and great idealism." In a respectful review of *JFK* in *Vanity Fair*, Norman Mailer agreed: "No afternoon in the recollection of our lives is equal to November 22, 1963, and in its aftermath we lost our innocence...."

Marking the 25th anniversary of the assassination, Anna Quindlen wrote a *New York Times* column in which she tried to explain to her young son—the usual Quindlen MacGuffin—why she was weeping while the Zapruder film

“Since only two of Kennedy’s seven successors have been shot at, you might say that, post-Dallas, the odds have grown better for presidents”

played on TV. “That lady in the pink dress is doing a dangerous thing,” the uncomprehending child pointed out, not at all artfully, as Jackie climbed over the limousine’s backseat in search of her husband’s skull. Quindlen recalled her own youthful reaction to the shooting: “I am sure we had no inkling then, at least we young ones, that this was the end of something, that we had gone overnight from the kind of people who said, ‘Oh, no,’ to the sort who said, ‘Not again.’ The end of innocence, we sometimes say today.”

Quindlen had perhaps forgotten that two of Kennedy’s three immediate predecessors, Franklin Roosevelt and Harry Truman, had themselves nearly been victims of assassination plots. In fact, since only two of Kennedy’s seven successors have been shot at, you might say that, post-Dallas, the odds have grown better for presidents. No matter. The citations pile up:



Life Before Dallas

PARDON ME, BOYS, WAS THAT PENN STATION? The 1963 problem: Where can we build the new Madison Square Garden so that Slayer will have a place to play 30 years from now? The 1963 solution: Raze the grandest train station in all New York. *Timber!*

“Something changed that weekend....Call it a loss of innocence....”—*The Chicago Tribune*.
 “What happened in ‘63 may have spelled the end of innocence for America....”—Dan Rather.
 “Kennedy’s assassination brought an end to that innocence....”—*The Washington Post*.

From the vantage point of an era in which more children are killed by stray bullets than can read this sentence, it’s hard even to imagine what an innocent country might be like (streets

paved with clover? Free sundaes for the poor? More health care for less money and a free-trade agreement that wouldn’t cost jobs?). Here are a few concrete observations about the Kennedy years: The rate of violent crime was nearly a fifth of what it is today; the percentage of people who were confident their government would “do the right thing all or most of the time” was three times greater; the economy was experiencing unprecedented growth; and the phrase *a film by Kevin Costner* had not yet entered the lexicon.

One can’t help feeling nostalgic for a time when it was still possible to attain a middle-class life-style. *But were the Kennedy years really innocent?* Didn’t JFK and Khrushchev nearly blow up the world? And over Cuba? Weren’t designated drinking fountains for African-Americans still legal? Weren’t people reading *Lolita* and *Lord of the Flies* and *Argosy*? Weren’t there naked ladies in *Playboy*? Wouldn’t parents back then have had more common sense than to let their children play with Michael Jackson?

I decided to find out how the early 1960s felt when they were being lived through rather than remembered, to see how the world had appeared to people unaware that they would soon take that irrevocable first step down the road to Vietnam, Watergate, malaise, greed and whatever glib characterization *New York* magazine will come up with for the Clinton years. Focusing on the weeks between October 23 and November 22, 1963—the *very last month* of alleged American innocence—I read no histories or memoirs, no social criticism, no after-the-fact exposés of Camelot (the sobriquet itself a neat bit of post-Dallas spin-doctoring); I didn’t interview Arthur Schlesinger Jr., Todd Gitlin or Joe Franklin. Instead I relied solely on period newspapers and magazines. Admittedly, there are dangers in drawing too many inferences from sources like these—after all, would we want our own era to be judged by, say, an ad for Calvin Klein underwear and a “think piece” in *Entertainment Weekly* about dino-mania? The advantage is that you can cobble together a portrait of a time and place unmediated by Oliver Stone’s ripe mythology and Anna Quindlen’s damp regret.

Instead we have the raw sentiments of Jimmy Hoffa, as transcribed in the *Playboy* Interview for November 1963. “I’ll tell you about a public standard of morality,” he said. “In my humble opinion, there is none in the United States.” Hoffa, it is clear, simply didn’t realize he was living in an age of innocence. Or maybe he’d

read Edith Wharton, and understood that the phrase had originally been intended ironically.

THIS IS THE WORLD WE LOST: "DOMINIQUE," a record by the Singing Nun, was rising to the top of the pop charts; the *Daily News* was selling newspapers by running "Beautiful Child" contests; magazine ads were introducing "Miss Deb," a new line of sanitary napkins for young ladies.

"Proportioned—for me?"

Perhaps the most evocative piece of writing I came across was this bit of filler from *The New Yorker*: "Discarded memorandum picked up in Grand Central Station last weekend:

DON'T FORGET

tulip bulbs
aspirin
Monster cards
Gin
New Ian Fleming
Fur cape for doll
small cocktail shrimp
ulcer medicine"

But, digestive troubles or no, life was indeed more carefree than it is today. Concepts like *co-dependent* and *adult survivor of incest* were unknown, and alcoholics were still considered jolly fellows. "I can tell when I'm in a good picture," Richard Burton told *Time* from Puerto Vallarta, where he was filming *The Night of the Iguana*. "If by eleven in the morning I haven't had a drink, I know it's a good picture." There were social problems, to be sure, but progress was being made on many fronts. The New York City police, for instance, volunteered with great forbearance that they would no longer rely entirely on beatings to coerce criminal confessions—even though station-house pummelings were still 100 percent constitutional.

And yet, despite such manifest evidence of a simpler, sweeter age, people on the whole didn't see it that way. Of course, one of the great common threads in history is the belief that whatever era one happens to be living through is unprecedented in its moral bankruptcy. Thus, Jimmy Hoffa wasn't the only person fretting about public morals in the last month of Kennedy's life. In a speech to a convention of the Catholic Youth Organization, J. Edgar Hoover—well known at the time for wearing men's clothing—warned that Americans were developing "a dangerously indulgent attitude toward crime, filth and corruption."



**NOV.
2
1963**

Life Before Dallas

"HEY—DID YOU SHOOT MY HUSBAND?" Meet the Imelda Marcos of the New Frontier. Lucky for her, South Vietnam's Madame Nhu was shopping in Beverly Hills when the regime headed by her husband and brother-in-law was overthrown in a bloody, Kennedy-approved coup.

Certainly New Yorkers were, but then they always have. Still, just a few weeks before Hoover's speech, Mayor Robert Wagner tried to stem the tide by announcing a campaign to combat the sale of what he termed hard-core pornography to children; one isn't sure what was meant by *hard-core*, though one suspects the definition would differ from Clarence Thomas's. In any case, the *Times* reported that the city's youngsters could easily get their hands on "material that illustrates sadism, masochism, homosexuality and other perversions." A reporter padded out the story by ventur-

“The New York City police said they would no longer rely entirely on beatings to coerce confessions”



“Another fixture at Washington parties was a West German prostitute named Elly Rometsch”

ing from the newspaper's 43rd Street offices into Times Square, even then a center for “smutty” wares; in a bookshop, he discovered a lewd inventory of “nudist pictures, girlie magazines and paperback books with lurid titles.” A store manager pooh-poohed the antipornography drive with the kind of lunch-bucket wisdom more frequently found in newspaper columns than in the mouths of actual New Yorkers: “If you own a bicycle store and people come in to buy bicycles, would you put in baby carriages? This is what the people want.”

Besides supporting a booming pornography trade, the city's residents were exhibiting many of the other traits for which they have long been renowned. An anonymous sniper shot and killed a secretary in Rego Park (which didn't make the front page of the *Times*), and vandals spattered red paint on the lions in front of the Public Library (which did). One rainy Friday early in November—a November Friday that didn't dawn crisp and lovely and without portent, so no presidents were about to be shot—a group of demolition workers watched gunmen

**NOV.
1
1963**

Life Before Dallas



IT'S A KENNEDY FAMILY CHRISTMAS! This happy Camelot fan displays Hallmark's new line of Christmas cards—based on paintings by Mrs. John F. Kennedy. Are those three wise men Schlesinger, Sorensen and Bundy? On sale today at Macy's.

abandon a car loaded with \$3 million worth of gold and jewels, the fruits of a botched robbery. Despite President Kennedy's many rousing calls to public service, the workers hid the car, played dumb when police arrived and chose to keep the valuables for themselves. The plot unraveled a few hours later, in the traditional manner of such enterprises, when some of the workers celebrated by going to nearby bars, getting drunk and talking too much.

NEW YORK WAS NOT THE ONLY CITY BOASTING citizens of less-than-sterling character. In San Francisco, an eight-year-old polio victim died after having been set on fire by two classmates who were somehow offended by her leg braces. Washington had its own troublemakers, as James Reston noted in the *Times*: “The capital of the United States is involved once more in official scandal, and no wonder. The work and atmosphere of the place breed it....” *Life* magazine essayed a more vivid portrait: “It is a world of cutthroat politics. Socially it is a maze where a man needs a guide to distinguish wives from mistresses, mistresses from hired prostitutes. It is a world devoted to the cynical manipulation of government influence and government largesse.” The spur for this colorful writing was the unfolding scandal surrounding Bobby Baker, an aide to the Senate's Democratic leadership—a fixer, really—who had used the influence-peddling possibilities inherent in his office to amass a personal fortune, including ownership of a motel in Maryland where his politician and lobbyist friends were said to consort with known “hostesses.” A figure of great media interest was Baker's putative secretary, Carole Tyler, a “shapely” former beauty queen (35-26-35, if *Time*'s numbers are to be believed) who lived with another young woman in a Capitol Hill townhouse owned by Baker. “The parties there were lively,” *Time* reported. “The twist was danced both inside the house and on the patio outside; the convivial drinking and animated chatter lasted long into the night. Some nearby residents noted that visitors appeared in the daytime as well as the evening.” Another fixture at Washington parties (and, later, in innuendo-filled news stories) was a West German prostitute named Elly Rometsch—the “frolicsome fraulein,” as she was known to readers of the *Daily News*. Alas, Rometsch was deported as the scandal broke, and *Time* never got her measurements.

The first such revelations had surfaced in October, when Baker was forced to resign from his position as secretary to the Senate majority. Ever since, Reston wrote, “this city has been full of ugly rumors about illicit relations between Baker's girl friends and prominent Senators and officials in the Administration.” In addition, there were unrelated contretemps involving the secretaries of Labor and the Navy, who were alleged to have used their offices for political purposes. The eight-year-old *National Review* wrote hungrily of “the scandals that

could blow the Kennedy administration out of the water." The public, however, seems to have been more titillated than angry (unlike the current populace, which goes into paroxysms over unpaid nanny taxes), and Congress evinced an unsurprising disinclination to investigate either itself or the administration. At any rate, history's dark hand would soon intervene with an assassin's bullet—as, say, *Time's* Hugh Sidey might put it—and afterward no one in the establishment would much feel like making hay out of Lyndon Johnson protégés like Baker. (Eventually Baker was sentenced to one to three years in prison on three counts of fraud.)

NOT YET A "SLAIN FATHER-LEADER," AS HE would be eulogized in *JFK*, Kennedy was enduring problems in the last month of his life that would be familiar to many a president with no hope of immortalization on film or black velvet. Three important initiatives of Kennedy's administration—the first civil-rights bill, a foreign-aid bill and a pre-election-year tax cut—had stalled in Congress, and given that the Democrats controlled both houses, the nation's pundits had begun to criticize the president's leadership abilities (one Kennedyesque attribute Bill Clinton can legitimately invoke).

Since most people didn't yet know that their president was a satyr as well as an amphetamine addict, Kennedy was still personally popular: Fifty-nine percent of the public approved of his performance, according to a poll published on November 10, and the press continued to print terribly cute photos of Caroline and John-John. And yet the public seems to have been growing somewhat disenchanted with its leader. "There is a vague feeling of doubt and disappointment in the country about President Kennedy's first term," James Reston wrote a week before the president's death. "A reporter who asks about him in unfamiliar and varied communities comes away with a paradoxical impression... One has the distinct impression that the American people are going to reelect him, probably by a wide margin, but don't quite believe in him." (Curiously, this analysis sounds not unlike the conventional wisdom about George Bush at a similar point in his presidency. Perhaps if Bush had been assassinated in 1991, he would be more beloved today, though he still wouldn't be president.)

Even among college students—many of whom would, in later life, convey the impression that everyone in their generation had ei-

ther joined the Peace Corps or, at the very least, received a jacket patch from the President's Council on Physical Fitness—there appears to have been some

**NOV.
17
1963**

Life Before Dallas



wearying with the New Frontier. Or so *Time* concluded after talking to at least four students:

Campus disenchantment with President Kennedy now spreads far and wide. At conservative Georgia Tech, the complaint is that "he's interfering with my personal life" through Big Government. At liberal Reed, where "he doesn't inspire respect as Stevenson did," the gripe is Kennedy's caution on the civil rights bill. At exuberant Wisconsin, "he's liked in a negative way," faulted for lack of political conviction. "We're sick of him," say dissidents at Jesuit Georgetown.

Nor was the alternative considered any more appetizing: "How can you give intelligent people a choice between Meatball Kennedy and Oppor-

IT DIDN'T START WITH VANITY FAIR It's a *Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World* was the biggest premiere of November 1963. And earlier, director Stanley Kramer hosted the biggest media junket, investing \$250,000 of his own money so that 250 reporters could spend four days in sunny L.A. pioneering the craft of entertainment "journalism."



tunist Goldwater?" asked a "Miami coed."

As it happens, the No. 1 book on the *Times*'s best-seller list throughout the four last weeks of Kennedy's life was the unrelievedly negative *JFK: The Man and the Myth*, by Victor Lasky, a conservative reporter who would go on to write

**NOV.
8
1963**

Life Before Dallas



LONG ISLAND MAYHEM, PRE-BUTTAFUOCO-STYLE Before Watts, there was Roosevelt Raceway. Hundreds of bettors rioted after a disputed race, setting fires and smashing windows. The official prediction: a long, hot harness season.



It Didn't Start With Watergate and Jimmy Carter: The Man and the Myth. A Joe McGinniss-like clip job, Lasky's book broke no new ground in Kennedy scholarship—"Dickinson, Angie" isn't in the index—but it did make the point that Kennedy could be a manipulative, cynical politician (which, when you think about it, is not a bad CV for a president). As M. Stanton Evans wrote in a fond appraisal in the *National Review*,

The author has no compunction about sleuthing up oddments of the Kennedy past over which others

might discreetly have drawn the veil, or about piling blow upon sledgehammer blow until nothing is left of the cherished image but tousled mane and incandescent teeth.... The author has left nothing out, and rehearses in detail the fascinating story of Joseph Kennedy's checkered business career, son Jack's race for Congress involving a false affidavit of registration, the mysterious allegation of a first Kennedy marriage, Kennedy's early fling at anti-Communism (replete with denunciation of F.D.R.), his Stakhanovite absenteeism in Congress, his deliberate exploitation of the Catholic issue....

In periodicals not founded by William F. Buckley Jr., Lasky's book was generally dismissed as unpleasantly eager hatchet work, the product of "a wild man swinging from all directions," as *The Atlantic* put it. Still, even the dutifully liberal Tom Wicker felt compelled to add, at the end of a *Times* pan, "There is enough substance in Mr. Lasky's diatribe to make it clear that...dispassionate analysis is needed to help us understand and weigh a President who promised so much more—in words and in person—than has been delivered, who presumably will promise even more in the campaign to come." The book's success would prove to be short-lived. After the assassination, the publisher, Macmillan, pulled it from circulation—making Lasky perhaps the one person in America who Oliver Stone would admit had no role in the president's murder.

A note: While it would take years for the most unsavory aspects of the Kennedy administration to become as cherished a part of American folklore as Washington's wooden teeth or Mary Lincoln's insanity, there were, even before Dallas, a few tantalizing traces of revelations to come. The *National Review* hinted darkly at scandals "hardly fit for discussion in a family publication." The *Times*, in a five-part series on corruption in Las Vegas that ran the week of Kennedy's death, detailed the friendship between Chicago mobster Sam Giancana and the president's chum Frank Sinatra. (It was public knowledge that because of the connection, Sinatra had been forced by the Nevada Gaming Control Board to sell his holdings in Lake Tahoe's Cal-Neva Lodge; it wasn't yet public knowledge that he had introduced the president to the mistress he would soon share with Giancana, Judith Campbell Exner.)

And then there was the following exchange in *Playboy*'s interview with Jimmy Hoffa, during a discussion of Attorney General Robert Kennedy's investigations of the labor leader:

HOFFA: As far as his associations are concerned, Bobby Kennedy should look in a mirror and find out whether or not he could stand an investigation like Hoffa has on his own personal life—and I say personal.

PLAYBOY: What are you implying?

HOFFA: Only he can answer what the answer to that is, which many people know, including myself. I'm just suggesting that he wouldn't want to have his personal life publicized in front of a Senatorial committee....

of 1961 or 1962—as if the incoming class were as distinguishable from its predecessors as were the new Studebakers for '64. *Time* continued,

Outwardly conformist, these boys and girls are generally uncommitted to any church or political party. Inwardly romantic, they view everything in personal terms. Nothing is proved; everything is possible—drugs, cheating, abortion. To these students, says a Midwestern professor, "the only real things are intimate things: my girl, my pad, my book, my

“The *National Review* hinted darkly at scandals ‘hardly fit for discussion in a family publication’”



**NOV.
22
1963**

Life Before Dallas

HABEAS HUH? It was the wackiest pajama party this side of 1963's hit *Patty Duke Show*: Twenty young civil-rights activists—ages 11 to 15—had been held for as long as a month in a single Leesburg, Georgia, jail cell. Sorry, girls: no beds, and no blankets. They were still enjoying their first taste of freedom when their generation's hopes were dashed.

THE 1960S—THE *REAL SIXTIES*—ARE OFTEN said to have started with Kennedy's death, just as *Jurassic Park* didn't really get going until the lawyer was eaten. However, much of what is usually implied by *the sixties*—not including Donovan—was already in evidence. "Brains, beards, civil rights, silly riots and sex—such is the confusing image of this year's U.S. collegian. His mind delights; his morals dismay. He is something new: a cross between the inert 'apathetes' of the late '50s and the naive activists of the early '60s." Here, in this passage from the same *Time* report on college students quoted above, may be the first, somewhat veiled lament for the student idealism of "the early '60s," which in this case must have meant the student idealism

bottle"...Much of this college generation revels in Tarzan movies, aims to try



FASTER, DEB—THRILL, THRILL The fun tabloid story for fall 1963: After madcap debutante Fernanda Wanamaker Wetherill's coming-out ball ended in the trashing of a Southampton mansion, 13 blue-blooded beaux and a "subdeb" were hauled into court on charges of malicious mischief. Make that wrecking ball!

“Students weren't the only ones experimenting with LSD; so, too, were writers for *Playboy*”

LSD, and “shacks up” on weekends as a matter of routine.

Students weren't the only ones experimenting with LSD (already, it seems, something of a household word). So, too, were writers for *Playboy*, which published a tripartite examination of “the pros and cons, history and future possi-

**NOV.
12
1963**

Life Before Dallas



bilities of vision-inducing psychochemicals.” There was “a reporter’s objective view,” “a philosopher’s visionary prediction” and “a novelist’s personal experience.” The novelist, Alan Harrington, had volunteered to try LSD at Dr. Timothy Leary’s International Federation for Internal Freedom and had discovered that “once the cracking and shredding of all that I could comprehend, the imitation of death, was over with, I ascended to a marvelous view and thought I saw the Eternal Situation throbbing in space.” When he came down, he would set a standard for bad writing about psychedelia, though one that would be sorely tested throughout the rest of the decade.

Abortion, while banned across the nation (unlike LSD at the time), was a far-from-taboo topic. In fact, it was grist for prime-time entertainment on *Dr. Kildare*, and *Ladies’ Home Jour-*

nal ran a gruesome exposé on the dangers of amateur abortions, which were thought to be on the rise; however, the magazine fell short of calling for legalization. “From the patient’s point of view, legalized abortion would make it easy to be promiscuous,” explained one physician. “Lack of respect for relationship between the sexes may cause serious defects in character.” Or *Studs*, as it would turn out.

“WHITHER THE NEGRO?” PUNDITS WERE ASKING in the fall of 1963—the Negro being the era’s oddly collective designation for millions of Americans. The epic struggle for voting rights and equal access to public accommodations in the South was, of course, already in full swing—an important part of anyone’s early-1960s mythology. What’s worth noting here are the many examples of what is often thought of as a later, drearier development in the civil-rights movement: the realization that northerners hate black people, too. In Philadelphia, for instance, even as many above the Mason-Dixon line were tut-tutting Bull Connor, 22 blacks were arrested for rioting after a white policeman shot a dangerous black criminal—a shoplifter. Demonstrators for fair housing in New Haven were arrested when they interfered with game-day traffic coming from the Yale Bowl. In a white suburb of Buffalo, vandals painted “anti-Negro slogans” on the side of a black family’s newly purchased home.

The week Kennedy was shot, *Life* published a remarkable piece by Theodore White on black life in the North—remarkable both for the issues White raises, which are still with us, and for White’s tone of racial condescension, which is also still with us, though it would today be more subtly put (unless the writer were discussing the volatility of black youth vis-à-vis Spike Lee movies). “In the big city,” White wrote,

the story of the Negro is one of unshaped perplexity—the perplexity of the Negro with the city, and of the city with him.... The very questions that explore this larger story have an ugly ring to them: Why, really, are white people abandoning their big cities? Will Negroes take over—and if so, when? If the centers of the cities become black and the suburban rings around them become white, what kind of metropolitan civilization will we have? Do Negroes want this? Can the cities alone support the burden of Negro need?

White dissected the effects of black population growth:

Something has to give. And what gives is the neighborhood pattern in big-city living as Negroes, bursting out of inhumanly crowded slums, fleeing the smell and the rats and the noise and cackle, like flood waters under pressure, squirt and spill over adjacent neighborhoods.

He then detailed what he saw as the explanations for an alarmingly high rate of out-of-wedlock birth:

Where one can analyze the problem...it is not at all a calculated pattern of brood mothers scheming to bring up babies on relief. It is rather a pattern of the drifting, unemployable Negro male who abandons his mate as soon as she becomes pregnant, because he cannot support her; of the lonesome southern-born girl in the big city, too ignorant to consider what a night's warmth will cost in the future.

If black readers were offended by White's ponderous, well-meaning slurs, they might have consoled themselves that the press of the day largely spared them more jaunty insults, such as a *Daily News* item headlined INDIAN ON THE BARPATH SHOTS 2. "The redskin," the paper reported, "wounded his estranged squaw and the heroic Irish bar-

tender....As in frontier days, firewater compounded the Indian's miseries...." It would be unfair to imply, however, that the media were entirely insensitive to minority representation. In fact, great strides were being made: "There is a Negro girl in Jackie Gleason's chorus," *Time* noted. "A Chicago TV station has a Negro weather girl....Perry Mason had eight Negroes on one recent show. *The Nurses* had eight that same night—one addict, two extras, and five R.N.s. *The New Phil Silvers Show* has a regular Negro [emphasis mine]."

POLICE BEATINGS. CORRUPTION. PORNOGRAPHY. DRUGS. Abortion. Illicit twist parties. That was innocence as it was lived in 1963: not very well. Indeed, one could almost make the case that 1993 is simply 1963 with the volume turned up way too high. (And I haven't even mentioned Jerry Lewis's live, weekly, *two-hour* variety show on ABC.)

It's romantic to mourn our alleged innocence and bewail our now-fallen state—the same kind of romance that leads 16-year-olds to flatter themselves that they are wicked because they can hold a few more drinks than 14-year-olds. We should spend a night with the Taylor-Burtons. ☾

That Was the Weekend That Wasn't JFK's Speculative Big Night Out

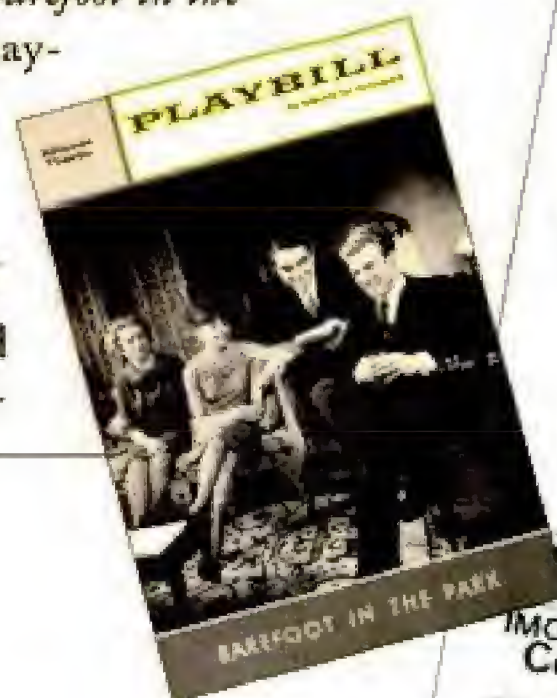
WHAT IF PRESIDENT KENNEDY had visited New York during the month before his death? He would have been confronted with a rich array of entertainment choices. If he was in a bohemian mood, he could have gone downtown and grooved to the sound of Thelonic Monk at the Five Spot on St. Marks, or sung along at a "free hootenanny" at Cafe Wha? on MacDougal—maybe President Kennedy would have known all the verses of "Michael (Row the Boat Ashore)." Uptown, he could have strolled over to the Biltmore Theatre and caught Robert Redford and Elizabeth Ashley as newlyweds in *Barefoot in the Park*, a new hit by the young playwright Neil Simon. The president could have also bought a ticket at the old Loew's State movie theater for a screening of *Under the Yum Yum Tree*, a ribald

Jack Lemmon comedy that featured, or so its advertisement promised, "those Yum-Yum Girls...with 'Yes-Yes' on their lips...and Yum-Yum in their eyes!"

President Kennedy might have enjoyed that. And he might have *really* enjoyed *Traveling Light*, then in its New York premiere at the World on 49th Street. "Join naturists at play," the ads beckoned. "See beautiful sun-kissed maidens frolic *au naturel* in the waters of the exotic isle of Corsica!" The president would have been cautioned that this particular entertainment was for "sophisticated"

adults only. He probably would have made the grade.

— B.H.



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Stereo Review, November 1992



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San Francisco Chronicle

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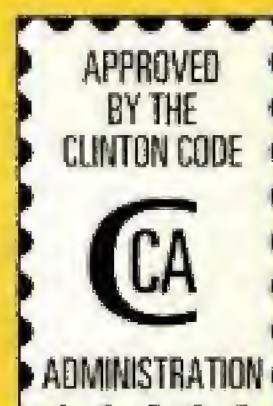


DAVID GERKEN
COMICS

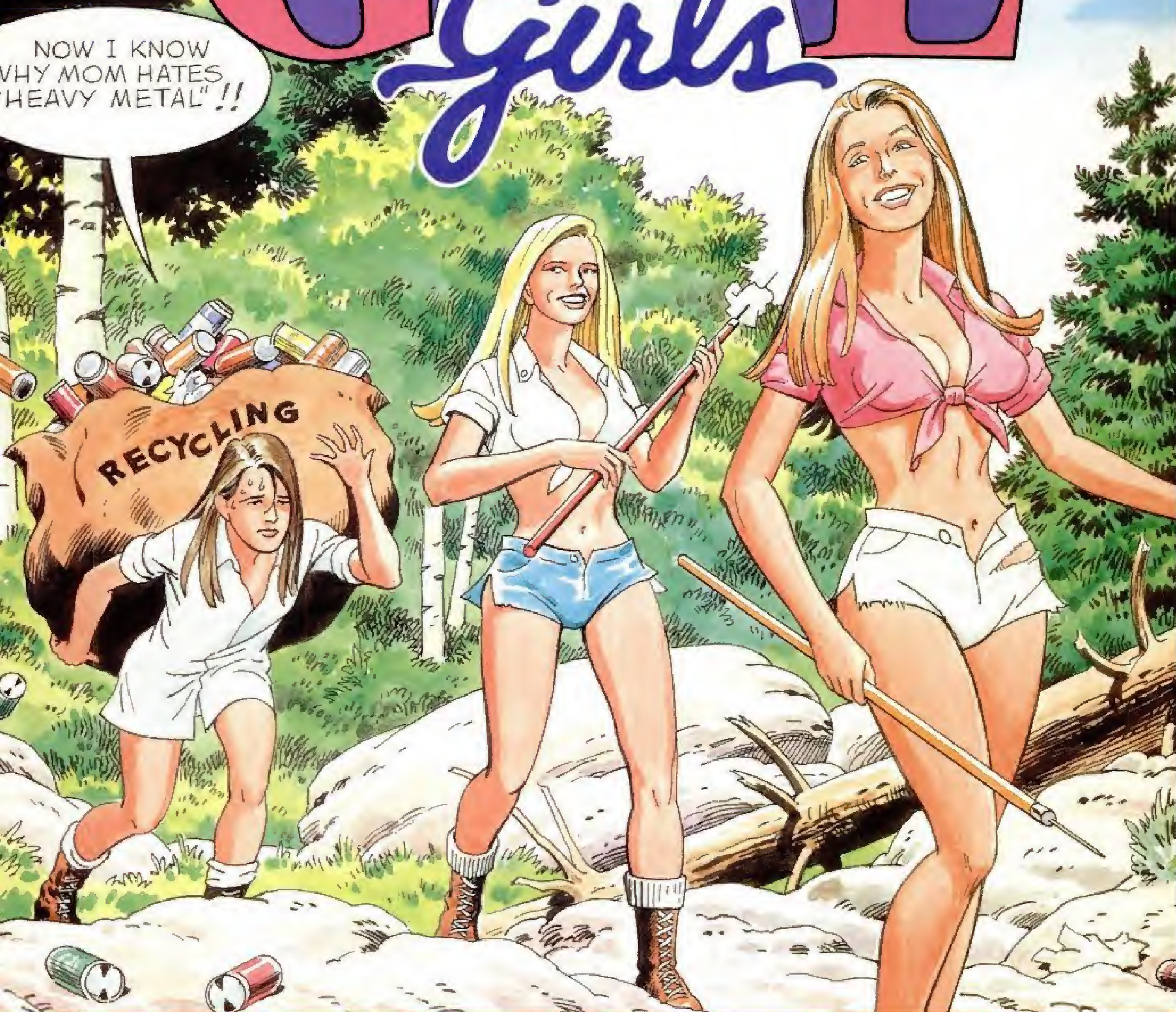
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Stan
wised up!"

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PLEASE, DEAR. BESIDES I GET 750 BUCKS ONE WAY OR ANOTHER....

OH, ALL RIGHT.



SAY, CHIP AND KERI HAVE A NICE SPREAD HERE. WONDER HOW HE GOT HIS HANDS ON THIS KIND OF TOP-SHELF SCRATCH?

OH, CHIP IS IN SUPERCOLLIDERS NOW.



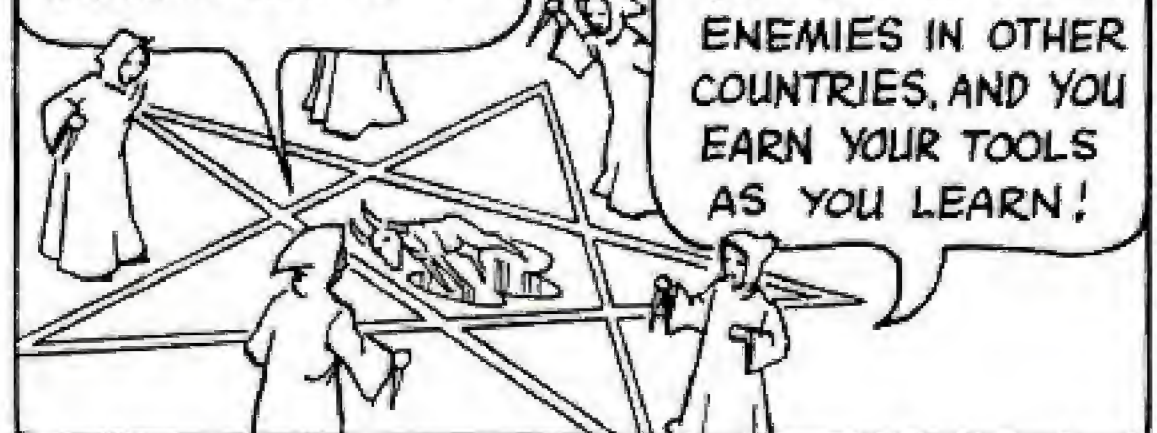
HEY, CHIP, TELL ME HOW A SLAPHAPPY JOE LIKE YOURSELF GOT INVOLVED IN SUPERCOLLIDERS.

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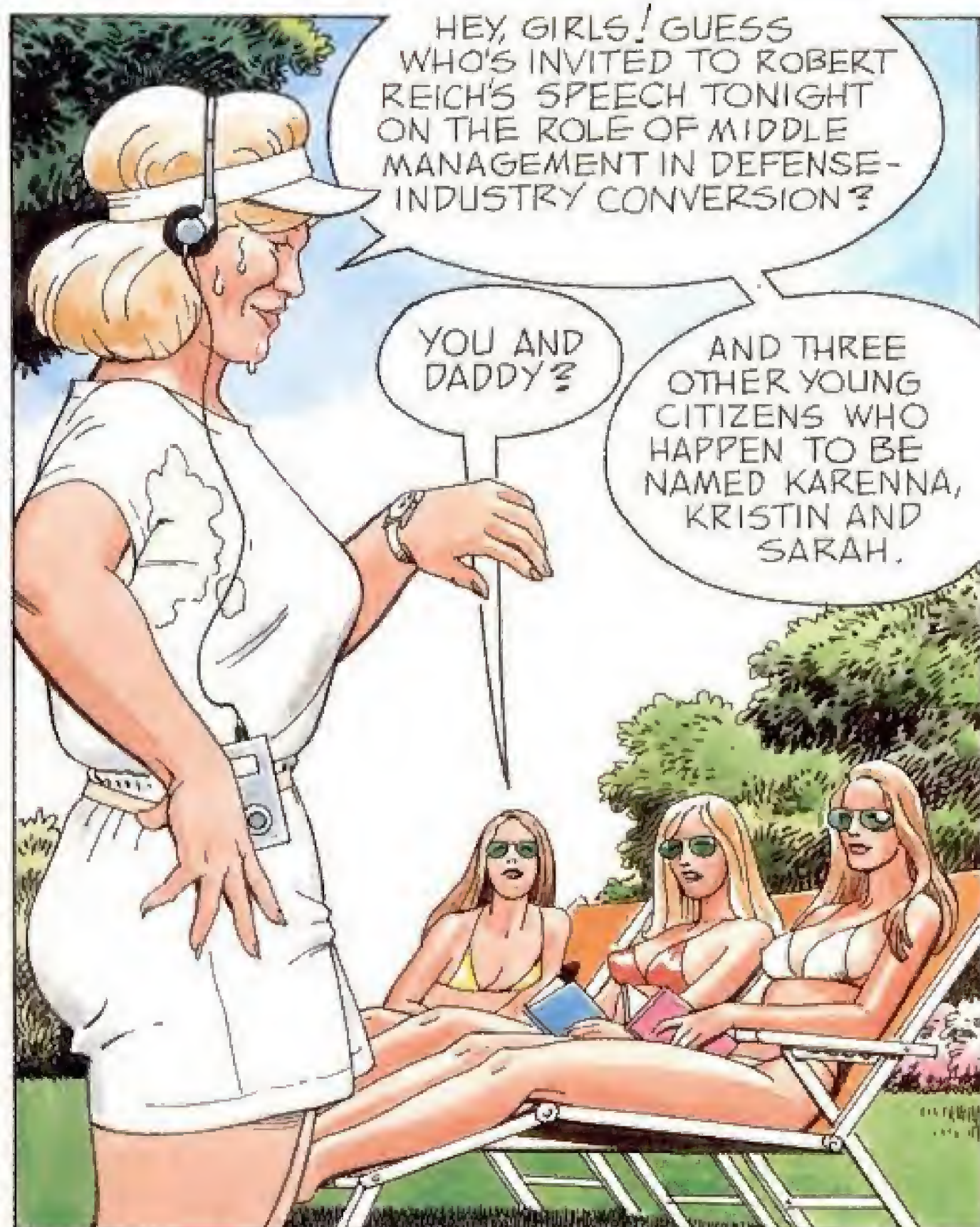
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PROVISIONS FOR ENVIRONMENTAL
PROTECTION, IS STOOPID
FRESH.



HEY, GIRLS! GUESS
WHO'S INVITED TO ROBERT
REICH'S SPEECH TONIGHT
ON THE ROLE OF MIDDLE
MANAGEMENT IN DEFENSE-
INDUSTRY CONVERSION?

YOU AND
DADDY?

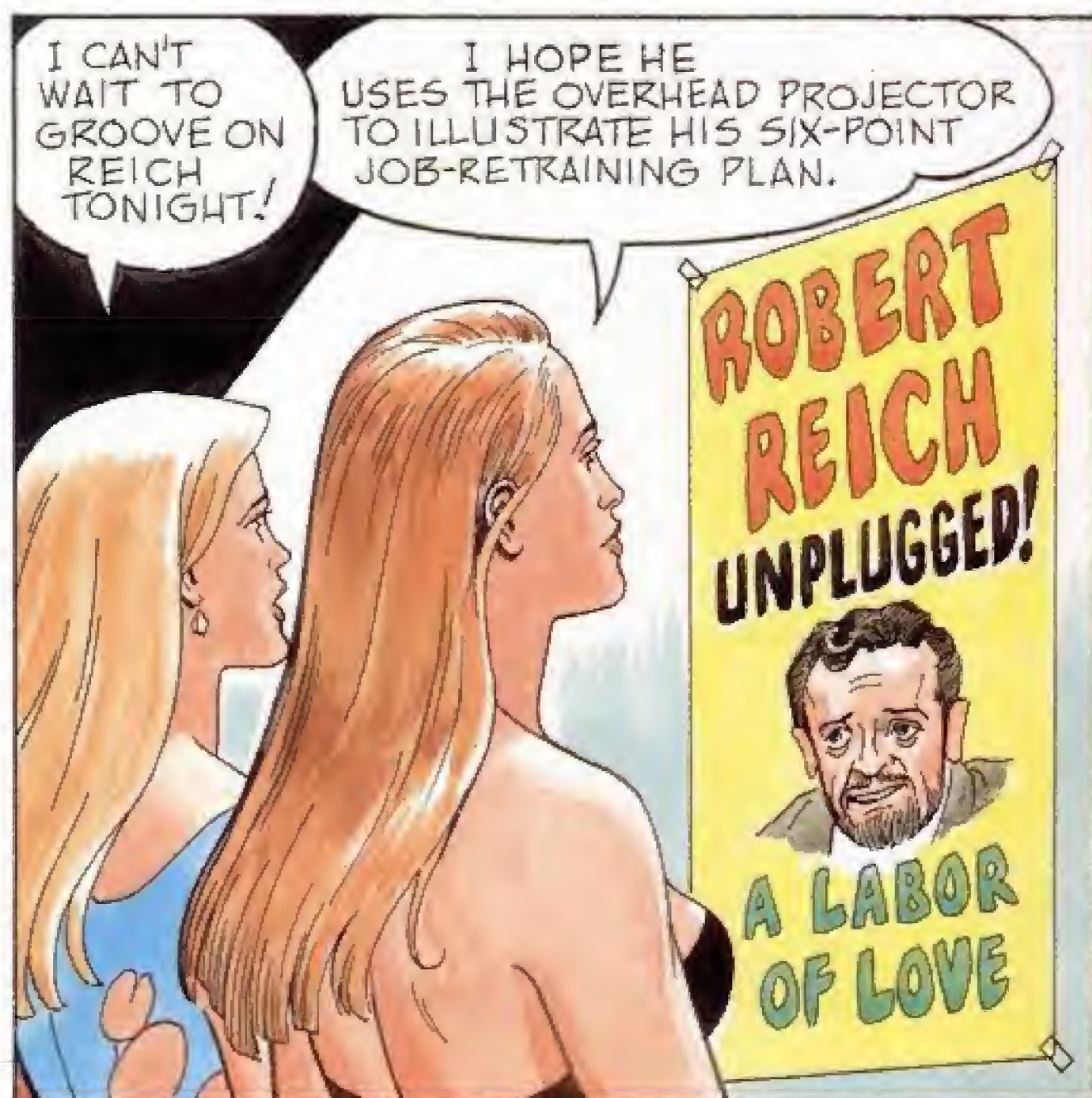
AND THREE
OTHER YOUNG
CITIZENS WHO
HAPPEN TO BE
NAMED KARENNA,
KRISTIN AND
SARAH.

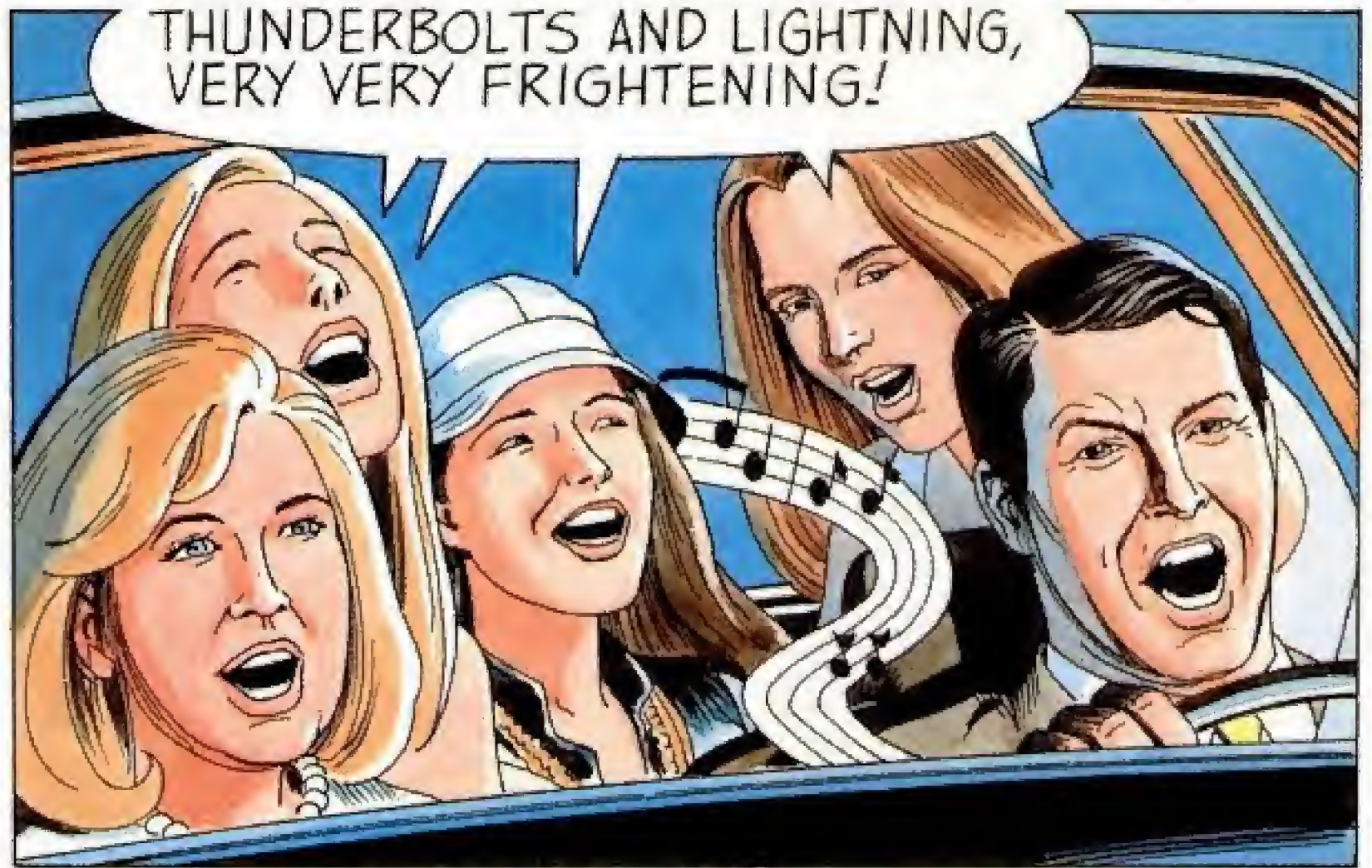


WOW!

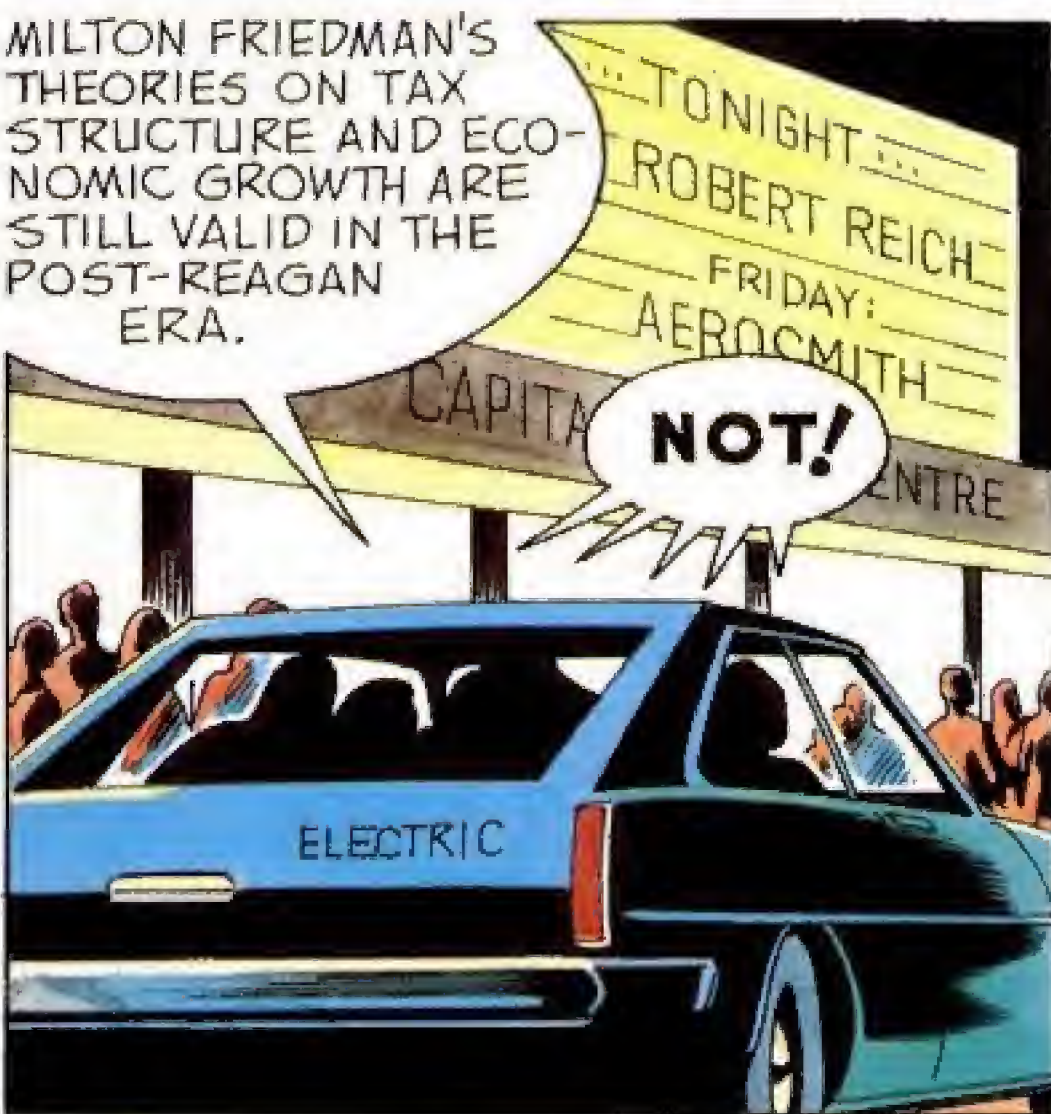
KICKIN'!

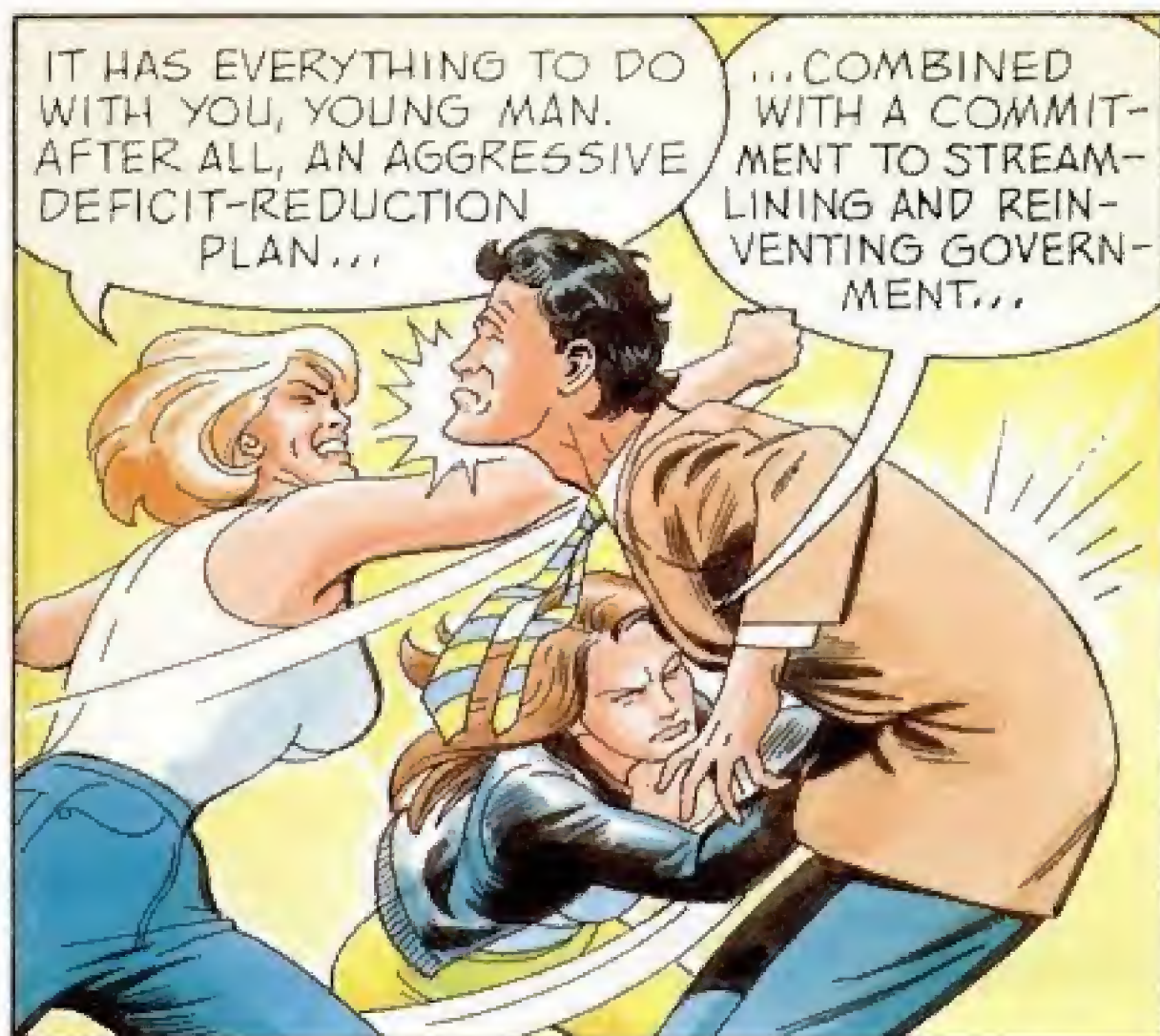
REICH IS
WICKED
COOL!





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Photomontage by David Kaestle

Cause Celebs

LIGHTS, CAMERA, ACTIVISM. BY CAROL VINZANT

AS A NATION WE HAVE BEGUN TO QUESTION THE wisdom of following the political and social guidance of a group of people selected for their ability to pretend. The members of our acting class are, for the most part, annoyed by the idea that the rest of the country is not taking their good deeds seriously. In justifying their new public-leadership roles, they say they are merely acting as good citizens.

According to Blair Brown, celebrity activists are "concerned citizens who need health care, suffer job loss, breathe the air, drink the water, are protective of our personal freedoms [and] have the same problems of other Americans." Richard Dreyfuss will "probably be political after I [have stopped being] famous," he says, because "'political' only means that you are interested in being a good citizen." (Citizen Dreyfuss once held his own Middle East peace negotiations with Yitzhak Shamir while Casey Kasem protested outside.)

Tired of being decorative, press-drawing curiosities at socially serious gatherings, the newer celebrities—those who came of age in the sixties or later—are taking activism into their own hands. They don't want to be a noble elite lending their fame only to a credible charity; they want to have their own meetings with Congress and form their own groups, so that charities can lend some credibility to their fame.

They are liable to be affected most by animal rights, abortion and—above all—the environment, while old-style celebrities gravitate toward diseases. The younger celebrities were never in a movie with Dean Martin. They don't want the pay, they want the credit. And they are far more annoying because they honestly believe that if they wear ribbons and hold impassioned press conferences, humanity will extinguish disease instead of vice versa, and the scallops will return to Santa Monica Bay.

Dennis Christopher was no doubt proud of being part of the solution to involuntary vagrancy after a party at Katey Sagal's house in 1989. Christopher modestly crowed to the *New York Post* that "the caterers served shrimp and chili, and after the meeting was over we took the rest down to the homeless living on the bottom of the hill."

MTV was widely praised for drawing young people to the polls by showing pop stars of good will savoring the universal franchise. According to the conservative watchdog newsletter *TV etc.*, Madonna, Hammer, Lenny Kravitz, Justine Bateman and Iggy Pop all urged the kids to "rock the vote" but did not bother to cast ballots themselves.

To be sure, some causes benefit from mere publicity. Perhaps consciousness *was* raised last November when Sara Gilbert picketed Cybill Shepherd's house. Gilbert, someone dressed as a rabbit and about 50 others chanted at Shepherd's gate to protest her selling animal-tested makeup. And while it may not bankrupt McDonald's, Gilbert's vegetarian reminders on *Roseanne* do lend a face to an unpopular cause. Anyway, Darlene Conner drawing a chalk outline of a cow outside Roseanne's loose-meat diner is better than another Al Bundy get-rich-

quick scheme that goes awry.

According to one actor, though, no matter what the good cause is that celebrity activists assemble to combat, Gilbert "makes a plea for vegetarianism at every meeting....Everything stops for 15 minutes, and all you hear about is the evils of hamburgers. And then it's 'Next on our agenda...'"

It sometimes seems that no performer has ever considered giving money to an established charity. Like other wealthy people, celebrities could quietly give their money to a cause they respect and save the administrative costs of running a new group. Among those who have founded their own publicity-generating organizations are John Denver, Ted Danson, Norman Lear, Citizen Dreyfuss,



Magic Johnson, Tippi Hedren and Michael Jackson. Not to mention Dame Edna Everage and her "Friends of the Prostate." Some celebrities get so active and serious that they transmogrify into charitable institutions themselves. Barbra Streisand is not only the world's best-known lounge singer; she is also a foundation that gives out \$1 million a year and endowed a chair for environmental studies at the Environmental Defense Fund. Roseanne Arnold is not just a television show; she and Tom Arnold are a foundation. Brigitte Bardot (animals), Olga Havel (youth), Herb Alpert (teachers), Elizabeth Taylor (AIDS), Michael Jordan (children) and Elton John (AIDS) are also eponymous with their foundations. Decades after his death, the Will Rogers Memorial Fund still makes sense because people still know who he was, but will our grandchildren recognize the acting work of Kirstie Alley, whose namesake foundation crusades against toxins?

WHAT DRIVES THE CELEBRITIES TO THESE lengths? What is their motivation? Do they grasp the irony inherent in their activism—that people whose only social utility is to divert us from life's ugly realities at the end of a hectic day spend their free time rubbing our noses in life's ugly realities? Many are not afraid to admit they do their political or charity work out of guilt. What these latter-day descendants of troubadours, conjurers, clowns and minstrels *do* worry about is people thinking they're stupid. That's why some hire as political advisers their own tax-deductible smart people.

Leigh Fortier, spokesperson for The Creative Coalition, an activist group started by Ron Silver, says that the purpose of TCC is to "make people smart." Not just any people, but people who act, write, direct or are otherwise entertaining. The group holds conferences and meetings of Khmer Rouge-ian frequency and duration to educate itself. It draws senators and experts. When asked what the group had accomplished lately, another TCC spokesperson boasted that, among other things, "we signed a letter prepared by another organization....They just wanted some signatories to send to Clinton."

When the group is not at the barricades doing things like signing letters, several members complain that they have been bogged down under the leadership of Silver. "He sees people on a scale, and if you're below him he just won't deal with you. And if you're above him, he totally aggrandizes you. And there are very few people above him and not too many on the same level," says one TCC member. Susan Sarandon, who needs little or no political education from the coalition, recently cut down her involvement in TCC, partly because of Silver. Christopher Reeve recently replaced Silver as TCC's president; Reeve said he plans a "more democratic and inclusive" organization.

Success enhances one's importance in celebrity activism groups. Stars pay attention to people who are making money. "The first time I heard of Billy Baldwin was at a Creative Coalition meeting, and I thought, *Oh, his career must be in good shape; everyone's listening to him,*" one actor said.

The mildly uncomfortable fact is that most celebrity groups have only minimal impact. The real problem with this is that they take away money and interest from less

Sometimes You Want to Go Where Everybody Knows How to Recycle



TED DANSON—founder, American Oceans Campaign; Walden Woods **KIRSTIE ALLEY**—founder, Alley Foundation (toxins); Walden Woods; American Oceans Campaign; NARCINON (antidrug); Earth Communications Office **KELSEY GRAMMER**—American Oceans Campaign; American Diabetes Association **WOODY HARRELSON**—anti-Gulf War, toured college campuses singing antimilitary songs; Earth Communications Office **SHELLEY LONG**—Comic Relief **BEBE NEUWIRTH**—Alzheimer's Association **RHEA PERLMAN**—American Oceans Campaign; American Diabetes Association; Pediatric AIDS; Children's Defense Fund **GEORGE WENDT**—Amnesty International; Gay and Lesbian Alliance Against Defamation; Michael Jordan Foundation (children) **JOHN RATZENBERGER**—founder, Eco-Pak (recyclable packaging); diabetes; child abuse; Women's Care Cottage (Los Angeles homeless women and children); donated five acres to Russian monks for monastery—*Carl Swanson*

And Then I Go and Spoil It All by Saying Something Stupid Like:

HARRY HAMLIN: One of the issues that I am currently involved with is the Greenpeace issue, to save the world.

WOODY HARRELSON, whose hit-man father has been spuriously connected to the Kennedy assassination (accompanied by guitar): And we're drinking bottled water/ We'll soon be drinking bottled air/ And the Amazon is burning, we send money 'cause we care/ And we march toward self-destruction/ Like lemmings toward the sea/ And the war machine is growing to preserve democracy.

STING, father of five: We have too many people; we have to use birth control.

RAQUEL WELCH on Larry King Live, talking about going to a prochoice rally: I was asked to come to Chicago because Chicago is one of our 52 states, and the mandate we've now been given on the prochoice issue is that we have to pick up the pieces....In 52 states across the nation, we have to bail water out of the boat.

LOUIS GOSSETT JR.: Half of the middle class is unemployed and homeless. It's touching more people than we think, and if we don't stop, everybody's gonna be homeless or something-less.

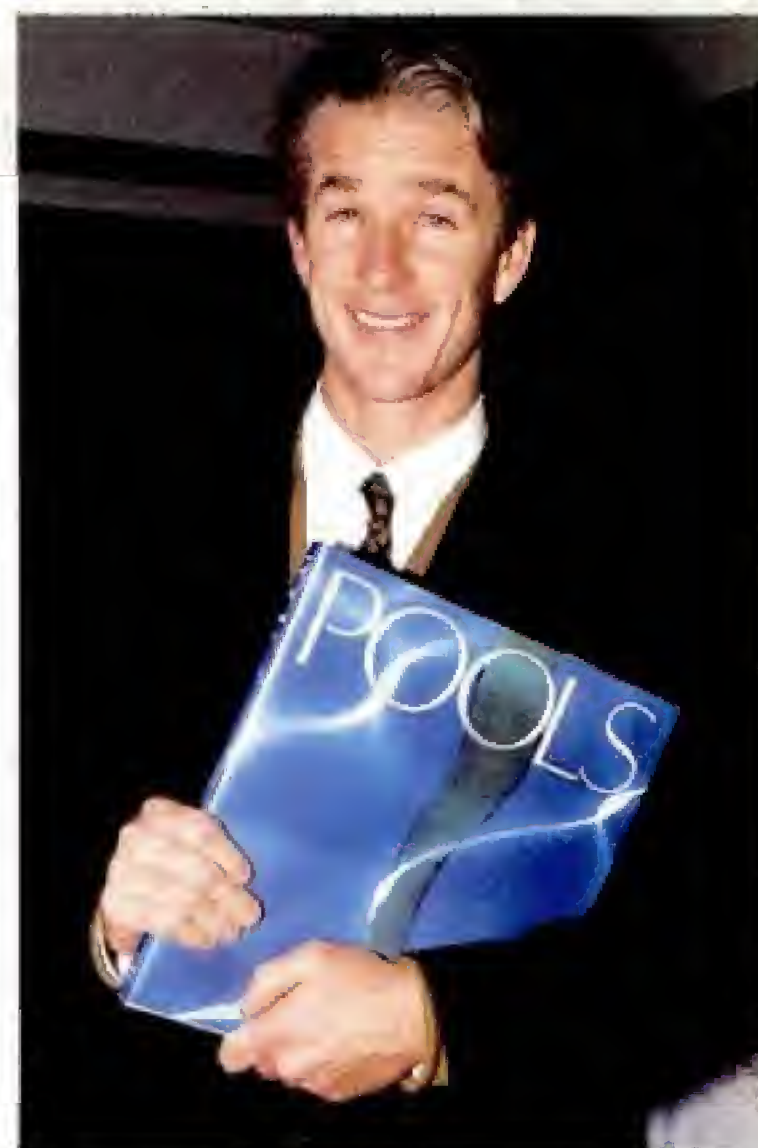
JOHN CUSACK: Given the things I said about Reagan—that he's a criminal who used the Constitution as toilet paper—it wouldn't surprise me if my phone was tapped.

RAE DAWN CHONG: [The movie *Amazon*] takes place in the Amazon, and what you realize is that this man has to make major choices, and he makes major mistakes instead of the right things, and through his mistakes he learns a lot of soulful things, and he actually corrects his inner life, which, of course, helps enhance his outer life, and through the whole process we learn about how sad it is that we have something called the Amazon forest and we're destroying it, and yet I say as an American-Canadian actress, it's sad what we're doing to [forests] in America.

ALEXANDRA PAUL (*Dragnet*, 8 Million Ways to Die): We have to tell these kids what a condom tastes like.

ALEC BALDWIN on NEA funding: You cannot preemptively censor, because that, by its very nature, violates the meaning of art. Art is something that just has to come unrestricted, untainted out of the soul and out of the heart and out of the mind of the person who's creating, and I think when you get into any kind of restrictive language, you kill art. These people in the right wing seem to be so anti-abortion and yet they're so willing to abort art, in that sense, at the same time.

TOM CRUISE before receiving his Mercedes gift: The thing is, not many people are going to be able to drive race cars....[Look at] the things you



can do to make a difference as opposed to saying, "Look at Tom Cruise."

MATTHEW MODINE: Pools are huge contaminators of the planet.... When you put a gallon of chlorine in the swimming pool, it evaporates and destroys the ozone.

RICHARD DREYFUSS, who admitted having a cocaine problem during the early eighties: I feel [the war on drugs] is an insincere, unfocused, misdirected waste of time. Give people training and employment. Give people something to live for. Drugs become central to people who have nothing.

WOODY HARRELSON (encore): Hey you, in love with your nation/ Hey you, patriotic generation/ Hey you, clinging to your Red, White and Blue/ Hey you, we've got a lot of thinking to do.

glamorous, harder-working organizations. Voters have a finite amount of concern for the problems of the world. If most of a person's compassion for, say, homelessness is spent on a \$10 swimsuit calendar advertised to benefit a soup kitchen, then little is left for those who are actually without homes.

DIFFERENT CELEBRITY ORGANIZATIONS EXPRESS their compassion in different ways. While TCC remembered the homeless at Christmas with 50 cartons of Chaps Ralph Lauren clothing, some Todd Oldham blouses, Pink Panther toys and truffles, the Earth Communications Office, which has an unlisted phone number, uplifts the race by running public-

service ads reminding viewers that Earth is the third planet from the sun but is still important because it's home.

Another large celebrity group, the Environmental Media Association, specializes in handing out awards. They honored Matt Groening for his antinuclear work on *The Simpsons*, for depicting the dangers of the Springfield nuclear-power plant. No word yet on whether they will further honor Groening for his work in raising public consciousness on the dangers of the monorail, the water slide, shaken beer cans, escalators to the sky and hammering a nail through your tongue, not to mention how NAFTA is going to affect the slave labor of Korean animators.

The spirit of celebrity citizenship does not, however, extend through all of the acting community. Instead of operating out of esprit de corps, most pre-sixties celebrities still act

out of noblesse oblige. Old Hollywood types still feel their time is best spent allowing themselves to be made honorary chairpersons of something they know nothing about.

A LOT OF OLD-STYLE CELEBRITY "ACTIVISM" TAKES the form of these arranged appearances. Several companies are set up just to match stars with causes. They track who has concerns about narcolepsy (Cliff Robertson) or hemangiomas (Kim Basinger) or manatees (Jimmy Buffet) or Esperanto (Steve Allen), who is easy to work with (Jack Klugman, Ed Asner) and who is not (Burt Lancaster). If an activist needs a famous female gun nut from the Southwest who has personal experience with the problems of unweaned dolphins, it's these middlepersons who figure out who would be the most compatible celeb.

Rita Tateel of the Celebrity Source makes sure each side knows what to expect when she matches people up. She sees to it that both sides know the limits, mainly so charities aren't so starstruck they can't say no to celebrity demands. "There are all kinds of horror stories, because charities weren't educated and were intimidated. And when charities get intimidated and don't make rules and draw lines, they find all kinds of bar bills and room charges and parties." The thing all these charity matchmakers have in common is that they don't want to connect their name with their own clients' horror stories.

Money, while incapable of buying love, has purchased celebrity figureheads for many unpopular afflictions. "If you were looking for someone with prostate cancer and had \$500, you wouldn't find anyone. But if you offered \$50,000, you'd be surprised that agents all of a sudden know people who have it. All of a sudden, you might have a connection. It's like a drug deal," one middleperson said.

Far fewer than half of celebrities want to be paid for their civic duty, unless they have to sing while doing it, the matchmakers agreed. "Some celebrities won't do anything unless they're paid. I haven't encountered that in a while. Red Buttons, he just didn't like to do anything unless there was some money involved," said one, who added that most celebs will do charities without pay if the cause is right.

"But they will ask who else is going," said Gerri Shaftel of Celebrity Endorsement Network in Woodland Hills, California. "Their sincerity is somewhat questionable. The cause is sometimes secondary to the image of the cause."

Even without paying a celebrity, the costs of first-class hotels and travel, meals and little disease souvenirs can

add up for a non-profit organization. The American Heart Association says it typically doesn't use celebrities for national fundraising because it isn't worth it. PETA (People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals) doesn't have a set policy, but its celebrities usually pay

their own way, or PETA arranges events so that stars are in town anyhow. (Golden girl Rue McClanahan arranged a stopover in St. Louis so she could make a quick announcement about adopting flood-victim dogs.)

Other charities are not so lucky with their mail-order celebrities. A makeup artist is not an unusual request for charity appearances, but one regular celebrity server was surprised when Charlene Tilton demanded one for a radio spot.

And how important are those little trinkets of the charity's appreciation? Alan Thicke, who goes to a lot of charity golf events, is still concerned with the little details. At one event that the celebrity connector would describe only as "a major national charity," Thicke got pissed off at



PUBLIC SPECTACLES

Sting will always be King of Pain (in the ass). Gere for the ethical treatment of animals. Danson for family values. Lowe for children's rights. Fonda for the Native Americans. Newman affixes a decal of his face to a home newly renovated by Habitat for Humanity. Midler defends the politics of her T-shirt.

Phoque Hero

For a decade **BRIGITTE BARDOT**, the first mother of loonbar celebrity activism, has set standards even Earth First! will be hard-pressed to surpass. The entire raison d'être of the sex kitten turned kitten protector is the Fondation Brigitte Bardot, an animal-rights group located in her hometown of Saint-Tropez.

At press time Brigitte was considering the airlift of two tons of dog food to Bosnia. In hopes of a papal endorsement, she wrote John Paul II about her plans. He disappointed her by saying that she should send food to people instead. Her current husband, Bernard d'Ormale, an aide to right-wing politician Jean-Marie Le Pen, is threatening to leave her if she does. She has threatened to do "something drastic" if he goes.

What she's hinting at, one might assume, is another suicide attempt. Just last November the suicide-prone Bardot was hospitalized for a drug overdose. Friends said that Brigitte had heard about the mass grave of a dozen sheep near Saint-Tropez and was distraught at the discovery of this Baa-Baa Yar.

La Bardot's tendency, however, is to liberate rather than defend. Among other things, she has smashed the windows of a pet store to set free the puppies, kidnapped the flock of a delinquent shepherd who—she said—was starving his sheep and relieved a



neighbor's mule of its testicles because it was raping her mule.

When she heard that baby seals in Russia were killed for fur, she wrote President Yeltsin a powerful letter explaining that the "death camp-like massacre" must stop. Her proposed charter, sent to mayors throughout France, would limit unwanted births of animals.

In June of this year, Brigitte denounced a Muslim feast that was celebrated at a Marseilles mosque with sheep sacrifices. Brigitte said the ceremony was "a barbarous custom from the dark ages...of which the victims are the most innocent of beasts." We can add our hopes to those of Mr. Hajji Halili, the imam of the mosque, who said he prayed that "God will enlighten the path of Brigitte Bardot." —Tom Cunningham

the airport when the philanthropic limo was too short. It didn't help calm him when the charity supplied the wrong kind of champagne and chocolates.

The Albany Vietnam Veterans Memorial Committee rented Kris Kristofferson to perform at a benefit. In addition to paying him, they gave him a plaque, which they found the next day in the trash. The Rhodes scholar returned himself to Albany to reaccept the award, giving the explanation "The guy who usually picks up after me wasn't around."

EVEN FOR A PUBLICITY-GENERATING, SELF-CONGRATULATORY job, finding someone is not always easy. In looking for someone to host a telethon, the Arthritis Foundation went through about 50 stars, sinking to the level of Perry Como, Paul Anka, Dick Clark (who said through a representative that he was involved in too many other charities) and the Smothers Brothers (who were "just not interested in doing benefits at this time," a representative said). Could it have been that they didn't want to be associated with an old and unattractive disease? Not Dick Clark? Meanwhile, arthritis, which affects 37 million Americans, does get regular support from Peter Graves and Victoria Principal as well as a host of country singers, a star of the 1979 TV hit *Real People* and the national women's racquetball champion.

Though the University of Miami was willing to name a research lab after the celebrity who showed up for a

fundraiser, they got no takers. They wanted someone associated with Florida, so they asked Don Johnson and Melanie Griffith and Burt Reynolds and Loni Anderson, who were probably too busy plotting their own careers' demise. As it turned out, once they looked outside of Florida, they found someone with a sincere interest. Patti LaBelle, who had lost a mother and three sisters to cancer, agreed. In the Papanicolaou Cancer Research Building (named after the inventor of the Pap smear) at the University of Miami, there is now a Patti LaBelle research lab.

Celebrities are not the only ones to be sneaky in the process of attaching their name to a cause they often know nothing about. Recently endorsement gigolo Ed McMahon was hoodwinked into letting his good name stand for a bogus veterans' group called American Veterans Assistance Corp., which was supposed to grant dying veterans' last wishes. Instead, 90 percent of donations went to fundraising companies owned by or connected to AVAC founder Mitchell Gold, a former clothing-store owner. (Charity experts use 40 percent as the maximum amount of a group's expenditures that can acceptably go toward fundraising and administration; most groups spend 25 percent.) McMahon indignantly filed a lawsuit to restore his public esteem and, he told *Time*, "to make sure charities and non-profits are doing the Lord's work." The incident left many shaken, asking themselves, *If this could happen to someone as smart and honorable as Ed McMahon, how will I know when a charity, even one endorsed by an entertainer, is doing the Lord's work?* ☽

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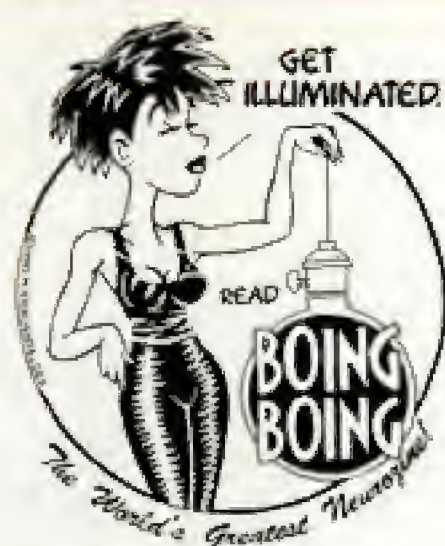
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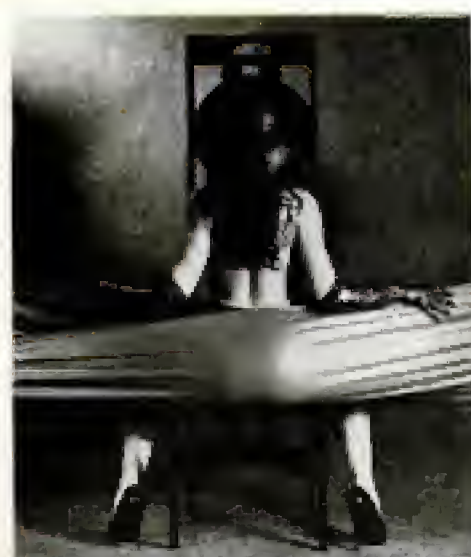
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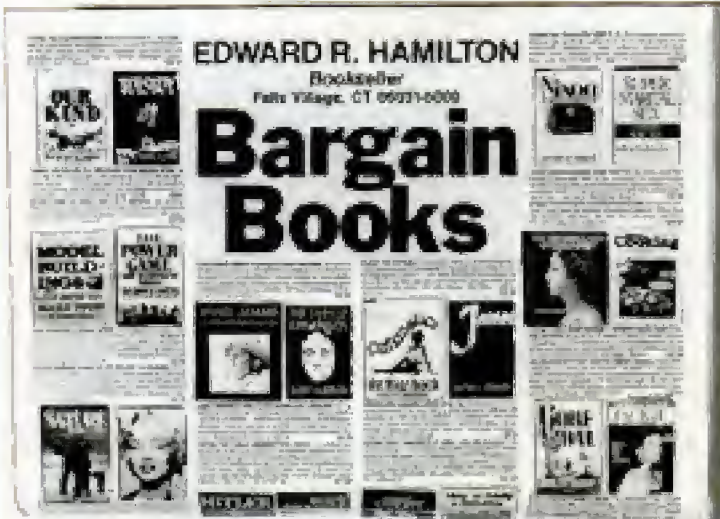


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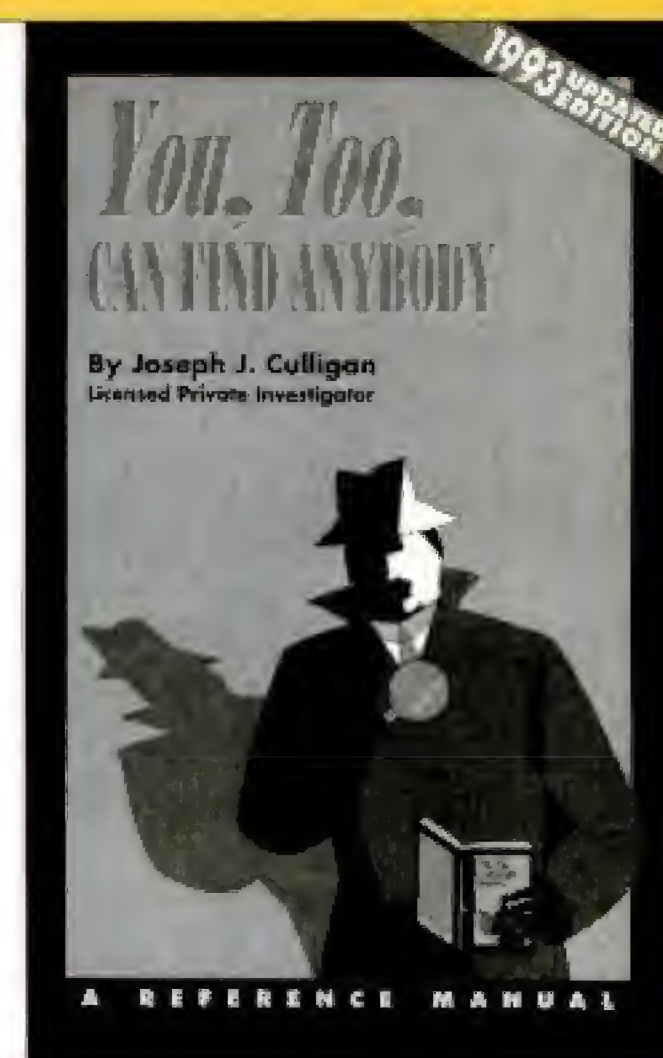
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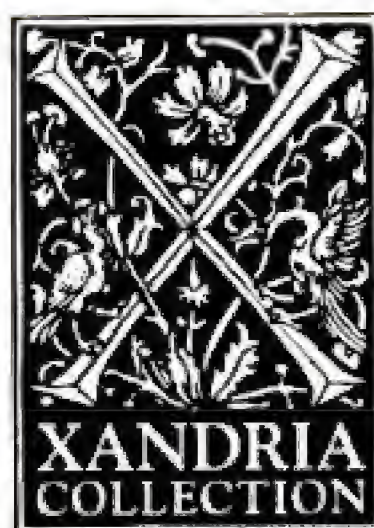
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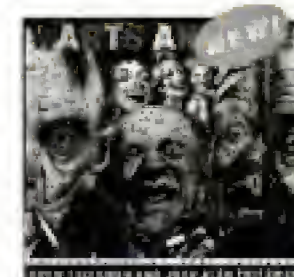
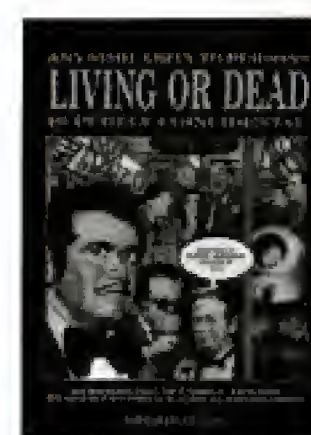
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AUTUMN of the MATRIARCH

BY RICH COHEN

Esther Himmel, a willful stoop-shouldered woman in her mid-nineties, often feels betrayed by her own body. "My mind makes up to go somewhere my legs won't take me," she says. Several times each day, in fact, en route to Winn-Dixie or off to Eckerd Drugs for a bottle of Metamucil, she stops to rest, and it's in this way, sitting on a poolside chaise in the shadow of a eucalyptus tree, that she overheard Helen Greenwald tell the story of her husband's death.

Esther describes the tragedy in this way: "Helen asked Izzy to wash a dish. Helen was in the bathroom when she heard the crash. Helen thought Izzy had dropped the dish, but when she came out, she saw that what Izzy had really dropped was dead...."

"Right away, I saw it marked as clear as in the *TV Guide*," Esther said of the impending days of political wrangling, filibusters and heated late-night meetings. After all, these were chaotic times. Izzy had been elected to chair the board of the Three Elements Condominium complex only a month before, and now there were the factions to deal with: the old and the young, the fearful and the confident, the ambulatory and the crippled. "Poor old Izzy," Esther thinks sadly. After all that, after the hard promises and coalition-building and schmoozing with enemies, and what's it all amount to? A broken dish. Within an hour of the death, the geriatrics who composed the constituency had gathered around the pool and by sundown had reached a rough consensus on the old man's political tenure. "Ach!" Elliot Freedman said with disgust. "Izzy come, Izzy go."

From the highway that makes its meandering way through South Florida, the Three Elements seems just another bleak retirement complex, a group of dreary buildings flung randomly down on North Miami Beach. Side by side, the buildings (Air, Water, Fire) form an isosceles triangle, in the center of which sits an Olympic-size swimming pool. The surrounding lounge chairs rise like bleachers, those along the water belonging by tradition to board members and other influence peddlers. Though she had never held office, Esther occupied a deep-cushioned

chaise alongside the four-foot mark. This was largely due to her nature, which, at once meddlesome and disinterested, was admired by most residents. Dispensing advice, she routinely begins, "If I were you, and I'm glad I'm not..." One afternoon she spent an hour asking a large Russian-born woman why she was angry with her. "Tell me, fatso," she said. "Why do you hate me?"

About 1,800 people live at the Three Elements. All the apartments are identical: a small bedroom opening onto a living room, a kitchenette and a shelf-size balcony. In some bedrooms two single beds are pushed together to form a Hollywood double. Perhaps because she is a positive thinker or perhaps because she is ironic, Esther calls her own dwelling the Little Palace. "I've got to get back up to the Little Palace," she says, breaking away from lobby conversations. Standing on her balcony, she can see a murky canal that winds south toward the bay. Over the years, residents have spoiled the ducks that live on the water, and the birds have grown fat and dependent and aggressive. One day, while feeding the flock, Esther ran out of bread; the ducks chased her clear back to Fire, where she collapsed in hard-breathing relief. "They were just like crazy people," she said later. In the minds of residents, the ducks have become a symbol of aging and death. When a friend passes, they may say, "Well, the ducks finally got him."

The old men sit all day around the pool arguing condo history. "Ben Fox did not pass the law 'No playing in the pool,'" says Elliot Freedman, pointing at the list of Pool Rules. "Solomon Mizner passed that law. Ben Fox passed 'No running near the pool.'" Some Three Elements scholars have a particular field of study. They know the great pinochle champions or the instances of criminal activity.

Given time, all pool conversations eventually lead back to the origins of the Three Elements. In grave tones, the scholars discuss the original residents, northerners stepping from dank sleeping trains and out into the Florida light. Theories may vary, but most residents agree that the complex was, as much as the Berlin Wall or the Warsaw Ghetto, a product of history. "If there was no Adolf Hitler, there would be no Three Elements," says Mr.

Most residents agree that the complex was, as much as the Berlin Wall or the Warsaw Ghetto, a product of history

Freedman studiously. In the aftermath of the Holocaust, he explains, many Jewish people, who had spent the last 2,000 years on their feet, traipsing from country to country, decided it was time to find a homeland. Many, of course, turned their thoughts southward toward Israel. But there was another movement southward—to Miami Beach. Swamps were drained and settlements built. On Esther's bedroom wall, flanked by B'nai B'rith plaques and certificates from Hadassah, hangs a black-and-white photo of Esther and her husband, Moses, who died 25 years ago. Esther wears a wool sweater and Moses is in city clothes, and both sport beatific



pilgrim grins. In those days, Collins Avenue, the main thoroughfare of North Miami Beach, was wide open. Standing on her balcony, Esther could see clear down the beach and out to sea. For the arrivals fresh from the North, the world opened like a fan. "The Jews have found their promised land," Moses liked to say. "And it's on north Collins Avenue, just across from the 32nd Street mall."

Who can say just when the bad times came? Most residents link the changes in some vague way to the various economic booms that shook the economy, filling the city with fortune seekers, then leaving it with disillusioned poor. "The *shvartzers* and Italians and Hispanics, they all came," says Mr. Freedman. For most residents,

though, the bad times came with the arrival of the Cubans, when Castro opened the jails in the early 1980s. Overnight, the city's flavor (language, music, food) changed from Brooklyn to Havana. "Be careful," Izzy would say, closing meetings. "Cubans are out there just waiting to knock down some old Jew." Collins Avenue—a boulevard of open vistas and quiet walks—became a strip, bristling with fast-food joints and seafood restaurants and cheap hotels with VACANCY signs. As a result, residents came to see the complex increasingly as an island, an enclave of old Miami awash in a sea of dark faces.

To some extent, this attitude emerged

naturally with age and time. Most of these people had arrived in Florida while in their sixties. Now, 30 years later, their field of operations shrunk down to a TV, a sofa and a political maze, they have become old people. Over half are widows, whose husbands—decades after death—remain, ghosts in residence, engraved on buzzers ("Mr. and Mrs. Moses Himmel"). "A robber's less likely to attack a man's home," Esther explains.

And what about the children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren? No one comes to visit. Left to their own devices—like the schoolboys in *Lord of the Flies*—the residents have built a bizarre political system, a structure that outranks any in Miami or Washington. In the end,

Left to their own devices—like the schoolboys in *Lord of the Flies*—the residents have built a bizarre political system

all law and reality is filtered down to residents through the actions of the board of directors.

For years, Elliot Freedman thought himself the De Gaulle of condo-complex politics. He awaited the clarion call, the triumphal elevator ride from his room down to the pool. He is a frail man with a pronounced stutter and an off-putting grin, who sees in himself all the elements of glory. Before mirrors, he stands in profile. He's a Polish-born Jew and a Holocaust survivor—Treblinka, then Auschwitz—with the blue number tattooed on his left arm. He doesn't talk about it. At 70, with his wife dead and buried, he took a unit in Air. Within a month he realized this was a new world, a level place where the failures and accomplishments of a previous life, a life of haggling and hustling and snowy winters, were cleared away. No matter where you'd lived or what restaurants you'd frequented or what roads you'd traveled, everyone here was equal. The varied experience of all residents drained into this common basin: the kitchenette, the balcony, the living room. For Mr. Freedman, who had achieved nothing in life so great as his own survival, the change was invigorating. Here was a chance to lead, even be admired by, men who had outachieved him in the working world. But people soon recognized in him the hunger, the disappointments of his younger years. So even here he was pushed from the corridors of power. Like the old French general, he retired to his home, the barren apartment, to await the situation that would necessitate his intervention.

An opportunity almost arose in 1978. Esther's ten-year-old grandson was down in the pool swimming, and from her balcony Esther saw a bearded man holding the boy over the water by his ankles. She called the cops, saying her grandson was being attacked by a crazy bearded man. Arriving on the scene, police dragged the stranger from the pool (he was wearing a Speedo) and threw him against the fence and cuffed him. Old men and women watched from their balconies. By the time the bearded man explained it all—that he was the grandson of Heidi Baum, herself a resident of Fire, and was only teaching the child how to dive—the damage had been done. Sides had been chosen. The situation was close to a crisis, with Fire threatening to secede if Esther did not apologize publicly, when Elliot came down from his room to broker a back-room deal. Somehow, though, rather than becom-

ing synonymous with harmony and good relations, Elliot's image got all tangled up with the incident. Just looking at him, people saw the half-naked, soaking-wet, handcuffed, bearded man. Mr. Freedman did not get a second chance until the day of Izzy's death.

The board of directors consists of 15 members, each building being allowed to elect 5 representatives. The chairman is determined by a separate, complex-wide election. The constituency breaks down into factions, the big split coming over age. In the last decade, as people have begun to drop dead and new residents have moved in, the average age has fallen greatly. The new occupants are in their seventies, while the older ones, who still form the ruling majority, are well into their nineties. Most of the young crowd lives in Fire. There is also a minority bloc, which consists of one 35-year-old black woman who moved into the condo complex sometime in the late 1980s. She keeps a low profile, though, and most residents are convinced she is really Mr. Himmelfarb's day maid. A few residents are not Jewish, but they usually pretend they are, which itself is an interesting role reversal. Even at the time of Izzy's election, it was clear that power was shifting away from the old residents and toward the young. "We still have some kick in us yet," Esther warned a 73-year-old at the pool. In fact, most of the old are extremely wary of the young, whom they see as idealistic dreamers. While the old focus on security issues ("keeping out Cubans"), the young want to rid the pool of excess chlorine, cut spending and build a playroom for grandchildren.

Mr. Freedman's designs on the top spot became plain one morning when he pinned this note on a lobby pegboard: ELLIOT FREEDMAN GIVES OUT FREE HEFTY BAGS ON THE FOURTH FLOOR OF AIR. IF YOU SHOULD WANT A FREE HEFTY FROM ELLIOT FREEDMAN, COME AND SEE YOUR FRIEND, A TOUGH MAN ON CRIME, A MAN IN FINE HEALTH, ELLIOT FREEDMAN. Reading this, Esther was filled with disgust. Here, in two sentences, shrunk down like orange juice concentrate, were all the things she hated about the man. It was a bribe, and such a pathetic bribe. "He is a cheap shyster," she told everyone she saw that morning. "He tries to buy us with junk."

Still, his opponents were far from formidable. There

For years, Elliot Freedman awaited the clarion call, the triumphal elevator ride from his room down to the pool

was Yossi Franklin, an extremely old, wheelchair-bound man who first married at the age of 75 and has been married four times since. Yossi's current wife, Elaine, has no real idea what he did in the earlier parts of his life.

"Nor do I," Yossi says, shrugging.

"I think he was some kind of salesman," Elaine says.

"Yuh, yuh," Yossi agrees. "Maybe a salesman."


His candidacy was not trusted; people believed him to be his wife's creature, the pawn of her ambition. After all, it was she who entered him in the race and she who read his public statements. Some say that whenever he grows quarrelsome, which is quite often, Elaine switches his medication, leaving him to thrash about in a catatonic state. One day, as Elaine, standing poolside, read Yossi's statement on the importance of an alert government, the old man slumped and slid from his chair to lie motionless beside the pool. The next day, Elaine withdrew her husband from the race.

Izzy's son Gerald was also running. Soon after his father's death, the 72-year-old son moved in with his mother. Gerald looked like Izzy: He had the same sunken eyes and downturned mouth, but the skin was a little tighter and the glasses not quite as thick. To many he seemed the logical choice, a member of the young generation who still appealed to the old. Here was a way to honor the dead man. Also, people are always drawn to the idea of political dynasty. That week the names Roosevelt and Kennedy were bandied about. Gerald told assembled residents, "I would be honored to serve." But despite his strong following and popular off-the-cuff remarks, he threw it all away—not unlike Gary Hart, allowing his quest for personal fulfillment to obstruct a higher calling. Within weeks of his father's death, he was misbehaving: breaking pool rules, coming in at all hours, entertaining women. A week of this sort of thing and he had ruined his own as well as his father's reputation: "What sort of man would have such a son?"

The field was left to Mr. Freedman. A lot of free Hefty bags were given away. Increasingly, it fell to Esther to present opposition. She dogged him, shouted him down, highlighted his faults. Esther responded to Mr. Freedman instinctively. "I react to Elliot as I would react to meat that's spoiled on my fork," she explained. Still, some wondered if she knew just what she was saying. Could she distinguish utterance from thought? One morning, as El-

liot finished delivering a speech, Esther stood and said, "You, I wish Hitler had never let get away." Though many residents were offended by this and other like sentiments, an equal number were impressed. Here was an old woman, a woman for whom time was not plentiful, a woman who would say anything—and why not? Why should she waste her breath on lies? At the very least she was honest. All of a sudden Esther became very popular. Elliot's moment flowed from him like kidney stones. A woman on the third floor of Air painted a portrait of Esther, an idealized likeness, and hung it in the lobby of her building. Another fan told Esther, "You have a very beautiful bust line."

It's hard to say just when Esther decided to run for office. Maybe it was while she was standing in the shower with all the water running cold; or maybe it was when the dead squirrel got fished out of the pool; or when the dark-skinned man was caught skulking around the lobby. More likely it was the day that Elliot Freedman collapsed and came to, moments later, declaring his love for her. "Be my wife," he said and meant it. A few days afterward she took a landslide victory.

All that morning the rain came down in sheets. "God turned on his tap," Esther said. But in the early afternoon, a wind blew up from the Keys, moving through the trees, scattering clouds. By the time Esther made her way to the pool, shaking hands and waving all the way, the sun was on the water. Residents thronged the courtyard to hear her victory speech. It was all so strange. Years earlier, she had decided life was over; if she were needed here at all, it was as a prop for weddings and bar mitzvahs. Yet, 25 years after the death of her husband, 50 years after the Holocaust, 80 years after her arrival in New York and nearly a century after her own birth in the Polish woods, here she was, moving through the crowd, taking the place carved out by her own wit and skepticism. Elliot, back in his room, watched from the window as Esther promised more security, more peace, less tension, and all the while he was thinking only of Esther's eyes and puff of blue hair. "Magnificent," he said. "Ninety-four years old and still her own teeth." 

Names of people and places and identifying characteristics have been changed.



THE DOGGONE GIRLS ARE MINE Dynastic misstep LaToya Jackson has sometimes been accused of shamelessly imitating her famous brother.



FLASHBACK! In *The Producers*, Gene Wilder's character was teamed with an immoral, venal, vain, flabby, cheap chiseler.



"...NINE WORDS...A TITLE...SOUNDS LIKE..." Answer: *Let's Spend the Night of the Living Dead Together*.



MAY I HAVE THIS TAXI DANCE? Heidi Fleiss exits a car like a pro.

PARTY POOP.



MY DINNER WITH ARNIE Intermittently bankable Bavarian blowhard Arnold Schwarzenegger tells semi-enraptured dinner companions about something that is really quite large.



Tiny yenta Joan Rivers does *not* have a larger wingspan than Ru Paul.



ONE OF THESE THINGS IS A LOT LIKE THE OTHERS A gut-bellied television actor; a facial-hair recidivist; the star of a series of dud action films; a man with a rumor-riddled romantic life.



Toadlike former personality Corey Feldman is amused by a jacket.



Physically repulsive Pauly Shore stands amid bathing beauties. Result: comedy.



PERIPHERAL VISIONARY While some models/actresses *throw* themselves at Robert De Niro, Kate Moss prefers a more subtle approach.

Commu-nets Plot

**In Which Our Cybercorrespondent
Logs On, Jacks In and Zones Out**
by Ellis Weiner

The Net. The Matrix. The Grid. Cyberspace. The Metaverse. "I'm jacking into Netcom to surf the nodes." "I'm slotting into USENET to download shareware." "I'm cueballing through HyperSieve to troll for batch-feeds." "I'm logging on to MindVox to access GIFs in OTIS."

Actually, I'm jacking off at my computer, writing cyberpunk heptalk I know nothing about. Well, not nothing. To translate the above: The first three terms are synonyms, more or less, for the worldwide network of computers and data, either formally linked or not, while the next two are science-fiction extrapolations of same. Netcom, USENET and MindVox are "on-line" or bulletin-board services (BBSs). As for the quotes, the first refers to messing around on such a service, looking for action, cruising. The second means, "I'm connecting to a BBS to bring free-trial software into my computer." In the fourth, a GIF is a kind of graphics file (i.e., a picture), and OTIS is an on-line art gallery.

As for the third quote...I made it up. *Cueballing* has a nice reckless, kinetic jumpiness, so perfect for describing an activity consisting of sitting in a chair staring at a screen for three hours. *Hyper* is an all-purpose, can't-miss computer word that may not really mean anything, while *sieve* is a kitchen/sandbox word that, in computer lingo, could mean absolutely everything: networks, "selectivity," skinny neurons and synaptic brain stuff. Finally, a *batch-feed* is a kind of garbage disposal, where you put the garbage to be disposed of into the drain, then plug it with a special magnetic top that activates the "unit." Garbage in, garbage disposed.

I'm practicing real and fake cybertalk because, any day now, I'll be going on-line, off-kilter and out of body with one or several or any or, jeez, *all* of those interlocking commu-nets, like the ones cited above, or CompuServe, America Online, DELPHI or BIX. Sure, these latter four sound, respectively, like a tennis courtesy, a society of people who dry their laundry outside, a sorority nickname and a cult that worships dead cornet players. Which they probably are! But, of course, they are much more, as are GENie, Prodigy, PANIX, FidoNet and the...well, WELL.

These networks of computers linked by telephones represent the toll plazas, "rest areas" and unlit off ramps of our nation's "information super-highway," a vast wire-and-fiber-optic infrastructure soon to be an immediate reality yesterday, and already in place tomorrow, right now. Are there many of them? *Wired* magazine estimates that there are 45,000 in the U.S. alone.

Private Lives of Public Figures



Woody Allen and Soon-Yi Farrow Previn enjoy a quiet Thanksgiving at home.

Illustration by Drew Friedman

Forty-five thousand users? Goodness, no. Forty-five thousand *systems*.

On them, or off them, or whatever the preposition is, you can get airline schedules, news/weather/sports in the U.K., recipes. You can buy tangerines from the Florida Fruit Shippers and then worry about it by scanning the Rare Disease Data Base. You can get, in a word, that horrible word, *information*.

Frankly, FYI, I hate "information." Untrustworthy or pseudo-intelligent people wave it in your face these days in an effort to seem trustworthy or intelligent. Every PR flack on an expense account has learned to say, not "I'm here to lie on behalf of my employer," but rather "I'm here to see that the public gets as much information as possible."

Still, there really is a lot of authentic, legitimate information out there. Nonetheless, who needs it? Who really wants to "track your investments" in laborious, ulcer-inducing real time, or swim unprotected through the shark-infested Sargasso of airline schedules? What news event, short of the Second Coming, is so compelling that one needs to "read about it on DELPHI before the newspapers are even printed"?

No, if I'm going to take the plunge and fall into the Net, it will be because of...people. People who need people. Which is to say, people who need people to talk to via the absolutely sex- and age-neutral medium of the computer screen. And not just a lot of people, but upwards of 20 million of them, from all over Earth, if you are able to get into the Internet, a globe-girdling patchwork of government, military, university and corporate systems linked into a de facto ultranet.

Once on, you access users ("talk" to "people") in two ways, either by sending and receiving messages ("E-mail") or by engaging in real-time on-the-screen exchanges ("chatting"). Now, I already take part in jolly E-mail badi-nage with various people on the BBS of the Writers Guild of America (East), and it's good clean fun: You log on, read your mail, reply to it and get off. My correspondents are, after all, writers, and are usually pretty good at

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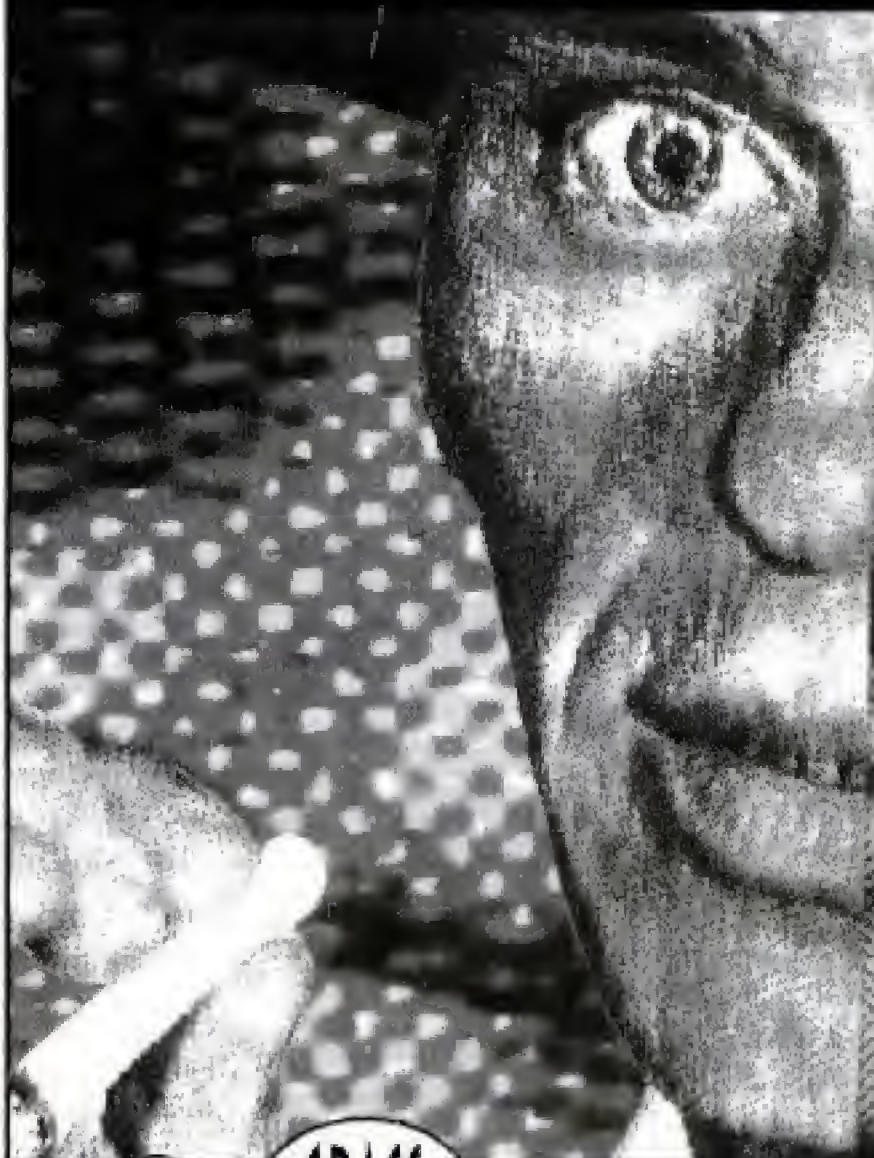
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composing entertaining sentences.

But several years ago, on CompuServe (the biggest of them all), I sampled the experience of hard-core on-line chatting, and it was the opposite of enthralling. Bear in mind that when so conversing, you are staring at your screen, typing in your comments and reading those of others as they scroll up and away. It was my first time; I was, therefore, like a neophyte club member staggering unheeded through a cocktail party of longtime veterans. ::Guys:: and >>>gals<<< kibitized CuTeLy with CrrrrAzy! orthography (sp????) and {[GIGGLE]} sideways smiley faces :+). LOUD-MOUTH WINDBAGS WROTE IN ALL CAPITALS AND CONDUCTED TEDIOUS EXCHANGES WITH PEOPLE THEY'D BEEN CHATTING WITH FOR MONTHS IF NOT YEARS!!!! Soi-disant wits noted their reactions to bons mots from one another (LOL = Laughs Out Loud; FOGL = Falls On Ground Laughing), or flirted smarmily by including reactions such as [GRIN] and [BLUSH]. You sit there feeling like a wallflower, trying to type a word in edgewise. Finally, after half an hour of hypnagogic stupor, it dawns: You are paying monthly "connect" charges to read the results of bad writers writing, badly, to one another...about... +++===> CRAP!!! <==+++. :=(.

Why, then, am I up for it again, and on a worldwide scale? Because recently a friend handed me a printed copy of an exchange on the Internet about a topic in which I happen to be interested and about which I have a hard time finding books or magazine articles. The questioner was, I assumed, an American man or woman, but the respondent was—get this—a *guy in Germany*.

His reply—in English!—about a certain musical performer I like, was accurate and included details of a record I didn't know existed. Here, at last, was +++=R*E*A*L=+++ information. From someone in %%%E/U/R/O/P/E%%% [SMIRK]. I realized that, had I been on the Net, I

could have told the questioner things the German respondent didn't, and I could have made contact with both of them to discuss the subject further. Which is to say I saw, in a flash, how it might be fun after all to chum for nodules through the Photon Soup.

We'll (LEIEOSS = Lifts Eyebrow In Expression Of Sophisticated Skepticism) "see." ☺

No One Wanted Seconds

A Visit from the Ghost of Thanksgiving Past
by Ann Hodgman

A nice boiled cod, some beans and lots of cornmeal, all eaten outdoors on a fall day in Massachusetts: the essence of the Thanksgiving celebration. At least, it's what the Pilgrims actually endured at our nation's first Thanksgiving.

The feast took place in Plymouth Colony in 1621, about a year after the Mayflower settlers had first set foot on American soil. Half the settlers now lay underneath that soil. Only four women in the colony were still alive. No doubt they were even crankier than moms get at Thanksgiving today; after all, Governor Bradford hadn't asked their opinions before he decided to hold a big feast in which *they'd* do all the cooking. The Plymouth men went out hunting—a custom that probably corresponds to today's "watching the game"—and left the four women to race around and snap at one another. They would have been *more* frantic if they'd known that the guest of honor, Chief Massasoit, was going to bring 90 uninvited men with him. He brought along some deer as well, but *still*.

Children were dispatched to gather eels and shellfish. Squanto had taught the colonists how to scoop up eels with their bare hands; this must have been fun in November. Raw mussels, too—just what you want on a cold afternoon, especially if you've been living on seafood and water three times a day for the better part of a year. In Plymouth Colony, lobster had

the same status as olive loaf nowadays. Of course, the men shot a lot of poultry to liven things up. Turkeys, ducks, geese, swans, cranes....Probably none of the kids fought too hard over the cranes' fishy, fleshless drumsticks.

There was plenty of corn, that legendary gift of the Indians, who also taught the Pilgrims that old crowd-pleaser where you stick the dead alewife into the dirt as a fertilizer. As a child, I used to bring home dead fish from polluted Lake Ontario and bury them in my father's flowers. Pilgrim children had to spend *their* time chasing wolves and wild dogs away from the rotting fish in the cornfields. No doubt hoping to show their gratitude for such a splendid gift, the Pilgrims planted corn on the first settlers' graves so the Indians wouldn't realize how many Englishmen had died.

This corn couldn't be chomped off the cob. Instead, dried kernels from the shriveled four-inch ears were pounded in a mortar. From my own experiments at a historical museum near my house, I've estimated that the

process yielded a teaspoon of meal per hour—not quite enough for 140 people. Boiled into a spoonable mass, it tasted a lot like cement.

There were no marshmallows for the sweet potatoes, because there were no sweet potatoes. No regular potatoes, either. (And no celery, but I don't think that's a negative.) Given the season, the closest thing to a vegetable would have been the groundnut, a wild bean about the size of a walnut that tasted like boiled chestnut. "For an emergency starchy food the Pilgrims could have done much worse," one culinary historian tells me encouragingly.

Don't even ask about dessert, unless you consider dried plums dessert. And don't ask who did all the dishes while the Pilgrim and Indian men held shooting contests.

Also, some people at the gathering had to sit on rocks.

For an authentically arduous addition to *your* Thanksgiving table, you might want to try hulled corn. Hulled corn was another popular sev-

enteenth-century dish, perhaps because the Pilgrims and Indians liked the thrill of cooking with lye. (I bet you didn't know that lye was no farther away than the ashes in your fireplace!) In addition to being dangerous, this recipe will take you a good eight hours to make.

Hulled Corn

In a large cast-iron clay pot, using a wooden spoon, bring three quarts of water to a boil. Pour in one cup of hardwood ashes. Boil the mixture until it's thick enough to float an egg. Now it's lye—imagine!

In a saucepan, boil one quart of feed corn with another three cups of water for one hour.

Drain the corn and carefully add it to the lye. Boil until the kernels swell and the hulls loosen.

Drain off the lye, pour it down the sink (don't accidentally dip your eyes into it), and rinse the corn about 1 million times until you decide it's safe. Rub off the hulls. Boil the corn in fresh water for four or more hours.

Makes one gallon. ☺

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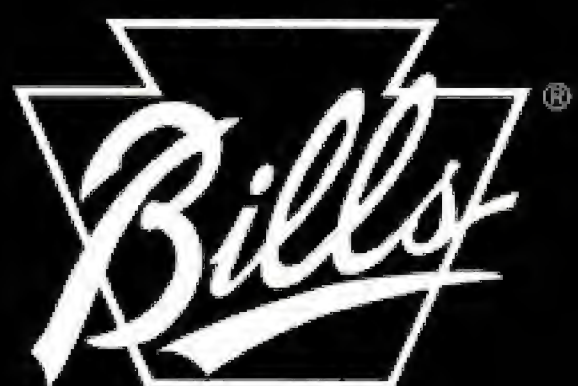
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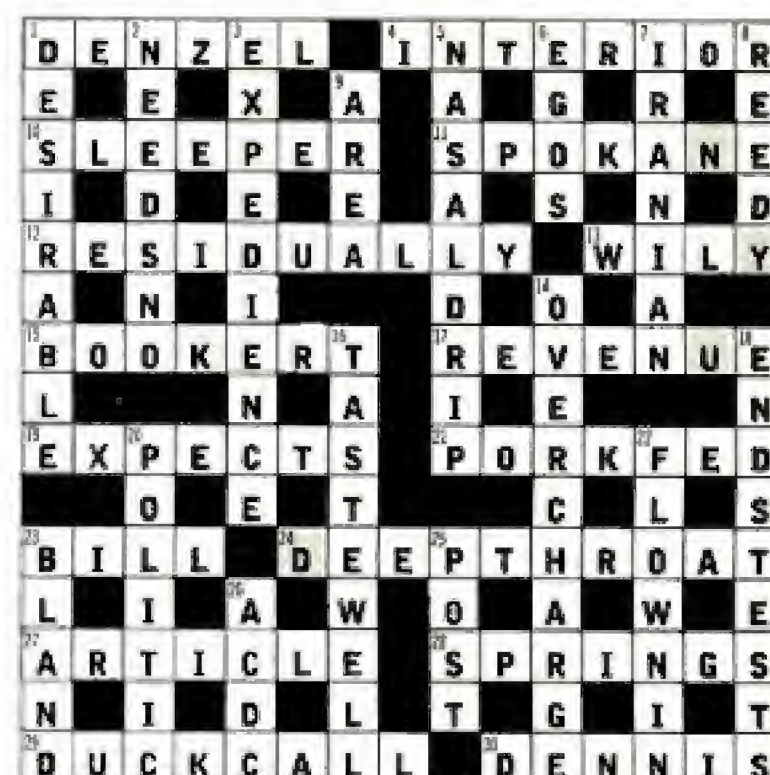


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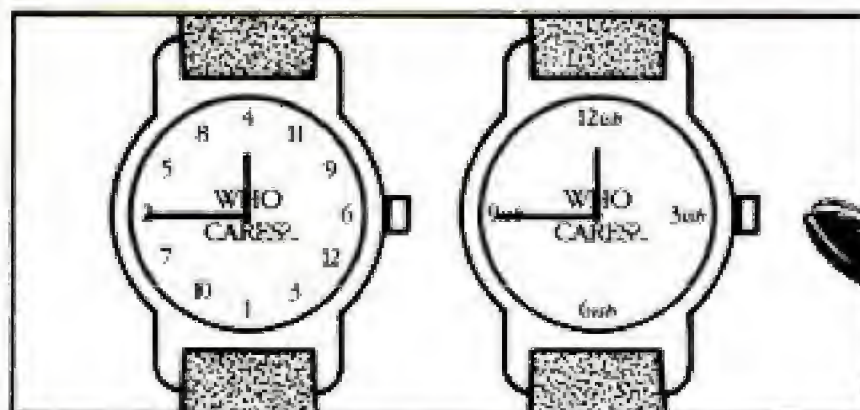


ACROSS 1. French *of* is *de*, kiwiland is NZ, *the* in Spanish is *el*. Denzel, Dinah, Booker T., Harold, Grover Jr., Kermit, Claudel, U.L., Herb—American history is full of more or less notable black Washingtons. Have there been *any* white ones since George? What happened to that particular line? George never had any children, though Martha had some from a previous marriage; Gore Vidal maintains that George was in love with Alexander Hamilton (who never married), but then Vidal would. Here's an interesting test: If George Washington were conclusively outed, would you take out a dollar bill and start thinking, *Well, yes, I can see it now, a little bit around the eyes?* And would it affect your stance on the gays-in-the-military issue? I, who have been cured of any last vestige of homophobia by the performance of Tom Hanks in *Philadelphia* (a movie in which, incidentally, I appear in a party scene, as someone who, since he is masquerading as Truman Capote, may actually be homosexual himself, though I myself have never even been rumored to be, except maybe back when I was making such good grades in Language Arts), am willing to defer to Vidal's intuitions in this matter. However, we cannot settle the question of why there are no white Washingtons without considering the case of Bushrod. Bushrod Washington, George's nephew, *was* a notable white Washington—he made it to the Supreme Court. Some may say, "If you can't get your brother's kid on the Supreme Court, what's the point of being the father of your country?" but, hey, this Bushrod was one of the first Phi Beta Kappas at William and Mary, which sounds like a heterosexual school. Whether Bushrod's loins were fruitful, I leave to other researchers. I do know this: If my name were Bushrod, I would stay away from everything to do with sexuality. What were they trying to prove when they named that child? "How about...Muffstick?" "No, that's tacky. How about...Snatchpoker?" "Sounds like something from a fairy tale, better stay away

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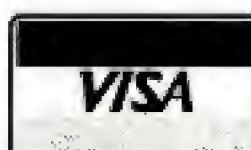


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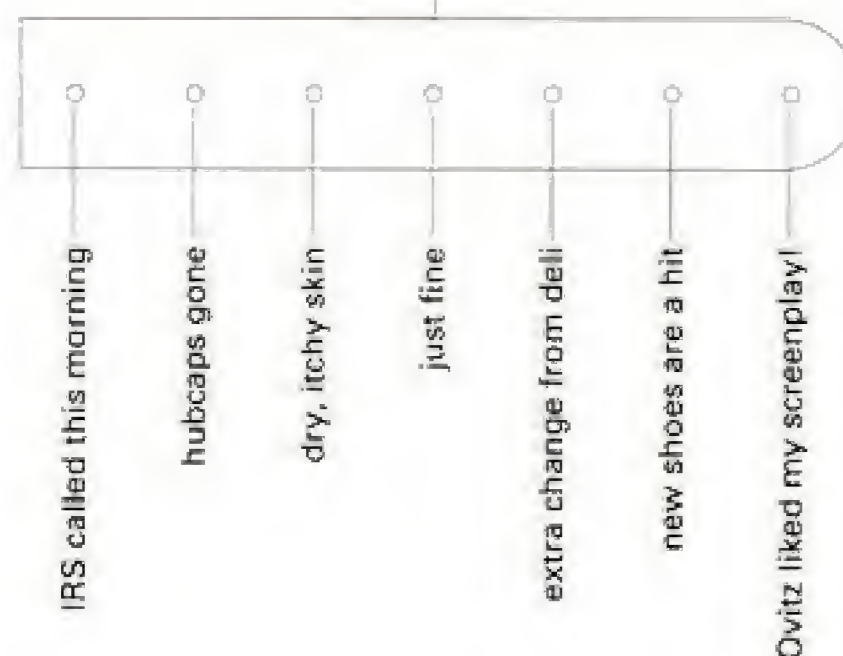


from that—how about Clamlance?" Bushrod Washington! And people smirk at basketball players' names. **10.** I don't know why two Woody Allen movies cropped up in a row in a puzzle about Washington, D.C.; like so many things, it just happened. No conspiracy theories, please. One thing about George Washington, though: So far as we know, he never took naked pictures of any of Martha's daughters. **12.** *Really* around ("about") *Sid* and *U*. **13.** I realize that "Willie" ("How about...Slickwillie?") is how it's spelled in reference to the leader of the Free World; this is another Willy (perhaps the whale or dolphin or whatever that movie is about), less an *l*; *slick* is the definition. What if we had a president called Free Willy? **17.** I realize that *rêve*, French for *dream*, is masculine and *nue*, with the *e*, is feminine. That's why I put that comma there. Anyway, this is America, where the nephew of his country can be named Bushrod. **19.** I don't believe I have ever said anything about the revelation in the media some months ago (to me it was a revelation) that men are having implants put in their pecs. I can't think of anything to say about it. Nobody I know has had it done. Of course, I don't travel with all that fast a crowd, but still, I wonder whether this is going to catch on. What if everything begins to sag *except* the pecs? And here's another question for you: What if you came upon hooligans stomping someone, and you said, "Hey, what is this, why are you picking on this poor guy?" and the hooligans explained, "He has pec implants"? Or "His name is Bushrod"? Maybe it would be wiser, fellas, at least for the time being, to pin pectoral falsies to the inside of your T-shirt. **27.** The word *a* is an article. I was going to work in something about the Articles of Confederation, in keeping with the national-government theme, but then I started thinking about this whole Bushrod thing, and—"How about...Quimhammer?" **28.** FDR's vacation White House was Warm Springs, Georgia; Clinton grew up (though he was born in Hope) in Hot Springs, Arkansas. Hope to Hot Springs to Georgetown to Oxford to New Haven to Little Rock to Washington: Every place Clinton has lived, it would appear, either has some sexual connotation (though I suppose New Haven is a stretch) or is named for the first president. *Hmmm.* **30.** *Sinned* backward.

DOWN 8. Not Bill Moyers but George Reedy, who came later. **25.** Perhaps what Washington needs is a *Post* like the one New York has. A shameless tabloid-headline writer might find spice in things like appropriations committees. APS COM is an anagram for P.O. SCAM, but that's just puzzle stuff. What if a headless torso were found in the federal bureaucracy? No, no news there. **26.** "How about...Pusswand?"

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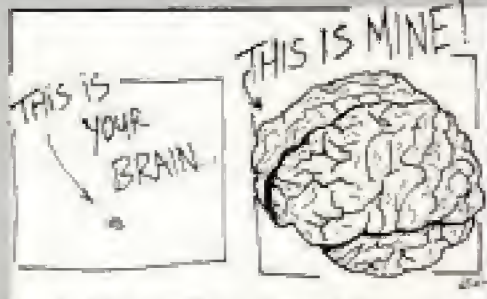


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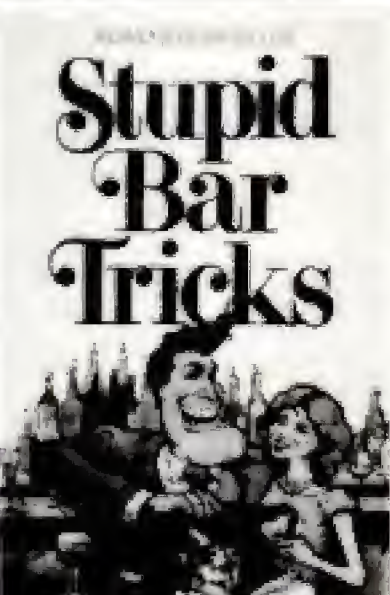


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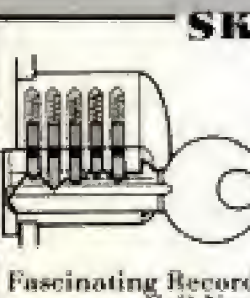
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D.C. or Not D.C.?

Wanna Be in the Senate, Say?

Like You Need That Commute

by Roy Blount Jr.

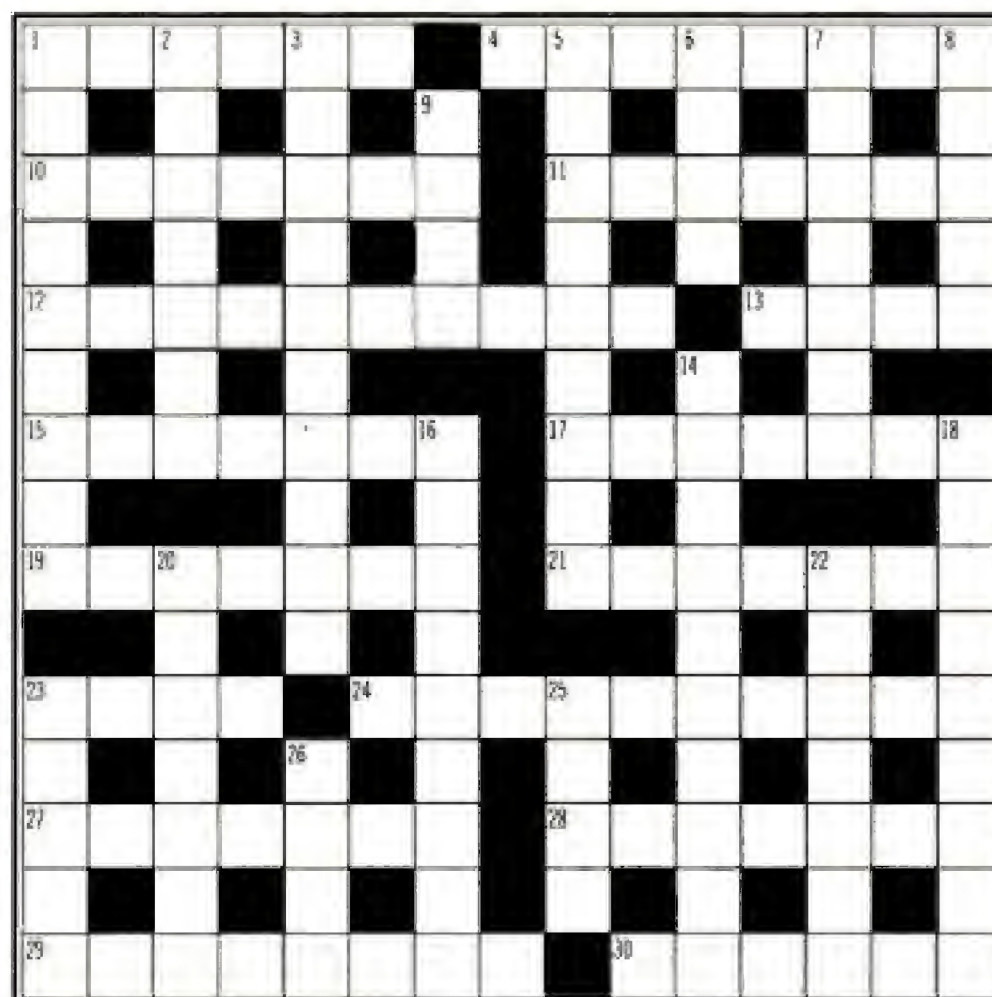
It didn't have to be this way. Grover Cleveland could have been the father of our country. Or we could have been settled eastwardly by Asians, beginning on our western coast, in which case some town in Washington State—known, of course, as Wong or Watanabe State—might be the nation's capital today.

Or the Founders could have established a floating capital, so that all Americans—not just jaded Virginians and Marylanders—could see the workings of government at close hand. Cities could compete to be the capital periodically, as they do now for conventions. Thereby (a) raising a little money for the federal coffers (say Tampa wants to be capital in '96—how much is it worth to Tampans?) and (b) limiting the size of the federal government to what can be moved in boxcars.

But our government sprawls—permanently, so far as I can see—on the Potomac. And would we really have it otherwise? We might

ACROSS

1. French of kiwiland meet the Spanish Washington. (6)
4. Dept. of woods, etc., pluralized by Woody movie. (8)
10. Another Woody movie about Reagan? (7)
11. Talked about an important part of Washington. (7)
12. Actually about Caesar University, left-overwise. (10)
13. Slick Willy short one fifty. (4)
15. Washington somehow bore TKO. (6,1)
17. Dream, naked, in Paris? Washington taxes it. (7)
19. Counts on Tex's confusion about muscle. (7)
21. What voters are at barbecues and big contributors are when their boy gets in. (4,3)
23. Clinton, pre-law. (4)
24. Linda performed it for Woodstein source. (4,6)
27. A (for instance) newspaper account. (7)



28. FDR's warm, Clinton's hot. (7)
29. Washington and Britain overlap with California fifty-fifty—QUAAACK. (4,4)
30. DeConcini did wrong, returned. (6)

DOWN

1. Sexy to bed liars wildly at Energy. (9)
2. Said Foley aide, with upward suction, "This speaker _____ introduction." (5,2)
3. Paramount D.C. principle: need piece to dance around unknown. (10)
5. Clinton, with his sinuses, must get this after 25: odd lard pains. (5,4)
6. Goes crazy for the biggest things in poli-

rather it weren't run by those who think they're really dealing when they trade \$1 billion boons for \$10,000 campaign contributions (the S&L industry in the 1980s surely spent more on name tags than on congressmen), but does that mean we should just let the lobbyists thrash it out without the middlemen?

We do, after all, need to send our elected representatives somewhere. And would any of us want to change places with them? You'd have to dress like that all the time. And say you're at a dinner party and Maureen Dowd shows up. What are you going to do—bolt from the room? She's got her story right there. Who would have thought, just a few years ago, that part of being a Washington bigwig was worrying about being made a figure of fun on the front page of *The New York Times*? Of all places. It's as if you were sitting in the first row of St. Patrick's Cathedral—maybe you're in town for an important funeral—and the priest, in the course of his homily or eulogy, starts

quoting droll remarks that people back where you work have been making about your haircut.

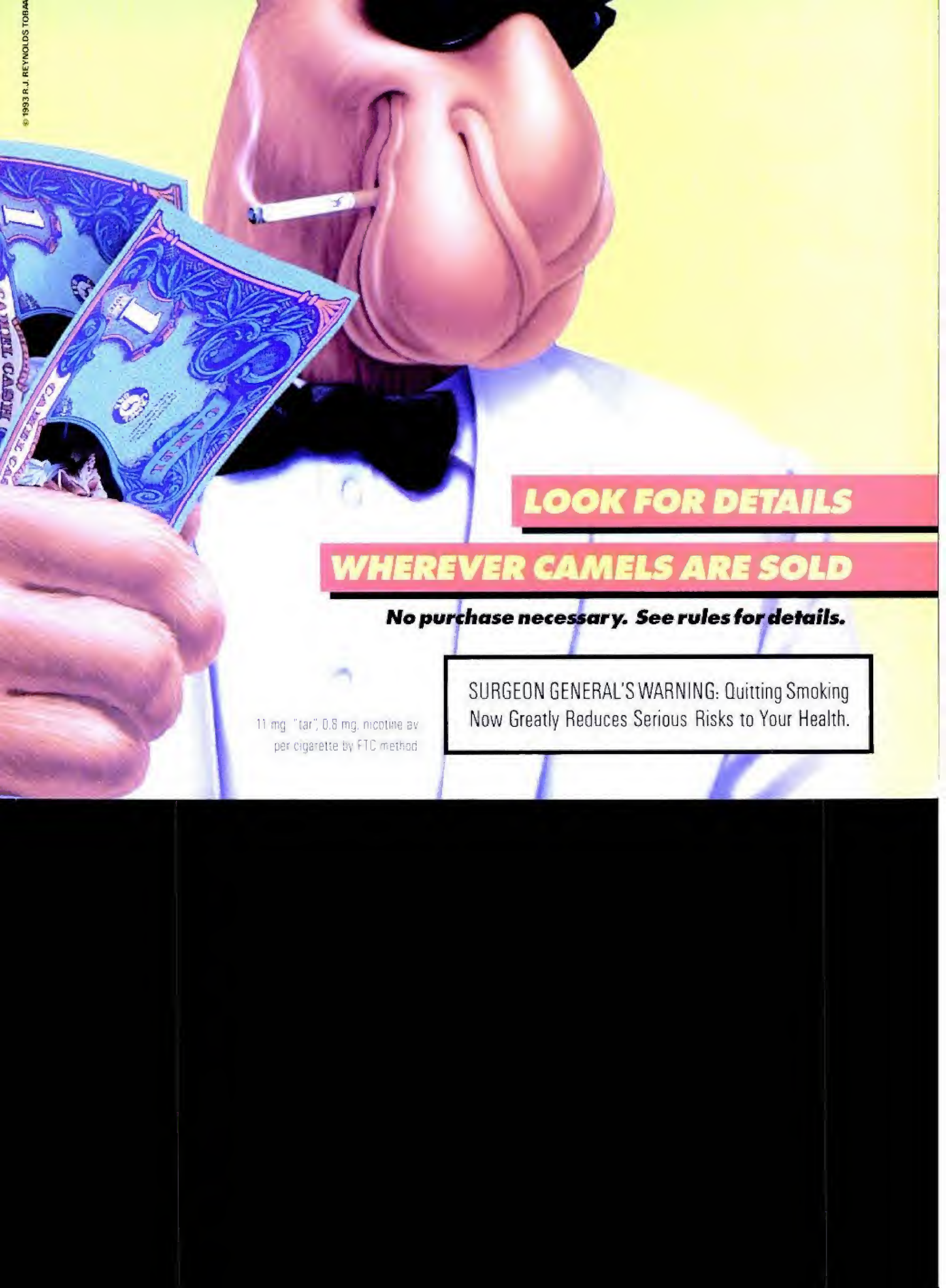
Listen, there are some honest people in Washington, and I believe I speak for the average commonsense American when I say, More power to them. As long as they don't use any of it on me in any way.

tics. (4)

7. Jewish fella 'n' Scottish fella meet today's Persian. (7)
8. LBJ press secretary with windy tone. (5)
9. What's inside Beltway, also in Far East. (4)
14. Bill! Too much! Higher than electricity! (10)

16. What discriminating palates do to tell about a stew. (5,4)
18. Means tests may be sound policy, but here's what a president does to avoid fallout. (4,5)
20. Prudent to oil it around within P.C. (7)
22. Florida no-win arrangement imported by air. (5,2)
23. Butthead territory lacking savor. (5)
25. Apple tab read with more gravity in D.C. (4)
26. Cool system: Nation's capital is receptive irrespective of gender. (2-2)

Answers appear on page 76.



LOOK FOR DETAILS

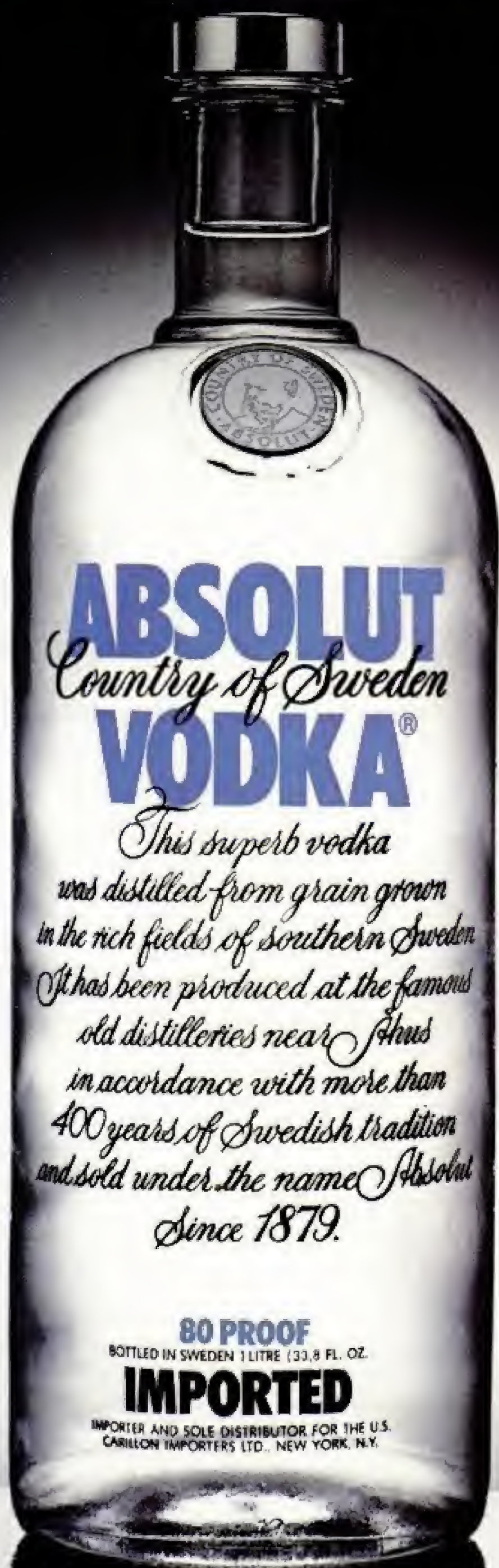
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